

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



No. 264.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6½d.



LADY CELEBRITIES OF THE HUNTING FIELD.—No. 3. THE HON. MRS. HERBERT, OF MUCKROSS.



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Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Madame Vanzini, of Her Majesty's Opera—The newly-discovered Cavern in Virginia—A Leap in the Dark, by J. Sturges—Fancy Dress Ball at Chelsea—Allyn's Alms-houses and the Old Fortune Theatre—London Theatrical Managers: No. 3, Mr. Hollingshead—A Terrible Encounter—The Theatre a Hundred Years ago—Pencillings from the Play, &c., &c.

## THE ALCAZAR (LIMITED).

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## PROSPECTUS.

THE FREEHOLD GROUND, upon which the Historic Mansion known as Saville House formerly stood, situated on the north side of Leicester-square together with three houses in Lisle-street, containing in all an area of nearly 16,000 feet, with frontages in Leicester-square and Lisle-street, have been secured by this Company.

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Contracts have been entered into, one dated the 1st day of January, 1879, and made between Paul Edmund Vargues of the one part, and the Company of the other part, for the purchase of the Freehold Land and Premises known as Saville House, Leicester Square, in the County of Middlesex (in substitution for the agreement mentioned in the Memorandum of Association), and one between the Directors of the one part, and Mr. Charles Stevens of the other part, and dated the 17th day of January, 1879, providing for payment of the preliminary expenses of the Company.

THE PLANS OF THE PROPOSED BUILDINGS can be inspected at Offices of the Company, where all particulars in connection with the proposed structure can be obtained. The works will be commenced without delay.

The Contracts, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitor of the Company.

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THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

SEVERAL friends and correspondents ask me what has been the best run with foxhounds so far this season. Accounts of several excellent runs have come from various quarters; but man is weak, and in some cases when he has ridden well is apt to take a personal rather than a purely impartial view of such questions. If a man has gone straight and successfully he often grows enthusiastic about the day, while another man out on the same occasion, if he has been baulked in any way, will find many disqualifying points about the run. Altogether there has perhaps been nothing better this season than thirty-five minutes with the Meynell Hounds on the 5th of December. There was one short check towards the end, and many of those who were out found that it came most opportunely, as without it they might not have seen the finish. For a rattling good gallop over a stiff but fair country, and clever working on the part of the hounds, they tell me that this run should be memorable.

YOUNG ladies have for some time past been rather masculine and a trifle slangy, I am afraid, in their dress and deportment; indeed, a favourite subject among comic draughtsmen has been the representation of figures which, so far as one can judge from the back view, might belong to either sex, ulsters, hats, &c., being common to both. But there are signs abroad that girls are going in for grace. Entering a room the other day, I found some girls at work, while a younger sister was solemnly walking round the room, making obeisances to a portrait of her aunt at one side of the room and to the fireplace on the other. On asking for an explanation of these eccentric performances, I was instructed to the effect that at a species of college where the young lady was undergoing a course of lessons one of the performances was to bow while walking, and after a lecture had been duly given, and let us hope digested, the students resolved themselves into a deportment class and practised the art of bowing to the mistress as they walked round the room. It certainly does not look well for a girl to stop short and, as it were, "shy" at an acquaintance, and the new bow will be an improvement.

ANOTHER rumour is to the effect that in the quadrilles of the future the proper performance of the "steps" is to be *de rigueur*. If so, it is probable that the number of persons who dance quadrilles will be limited, though possibly the steps might throw some light upon the meaning of the curious affairs which are called square dances. Take an intelligent savage, introduce him to a ball-room, and how could one possibly answer his queries as to what a quadrille, or any of the kindred "squares," meant, and why people stood up and wandered to and fro in such a vague and apparently idiotic manner? We are, moreover, it is said, threatened with the minuet; and, possibly, comfort may be derived from an explanation of the method of going through this stately dance. "Any awfully lazy man who knows the Lancers can do a minuet, especially when he is tired." This is slightly encouraging no doubt, but if some genius would explain to us what we are supposed to mean when we dance quadrilles, Lancers, and, still better or worse, the Caledonians, he would be conferring a great benefit upon society.

PRINTERS' errors are at times exceedingly funny, as all who have had much to do with print are aware. One of the oddest I found at the end of an article on "Army Organisation," published—without the error—in a great daily. "No one," it ended, "could possibly approve of such a system." A corrected proof came to me in due course, and I read that "no one could possibly approve of such an oyster." If there be any doubt about an oyster it is certainly beyond the possibility of approval. In another article about the courage of explorers there was something about those who dare the dangers of Arctic seas, or "fearlessly seek torrid zones to add to the sum of human knowledge," &c. Who "fearlessly look towards JONES" for those estimable purposes was the compositor's rendering. Happily, Jones in general was not unduly puffed up, as the misprint was detected in time.

IT is strange that managers of respectable London theatres condescend to publish "puffing" advertisements which have anything but a firm foundation on facts. I see it advertised that "the greatest success in London at the present time is Mr. Sydney Grundy's new comedy, *The Snowball*," and the public are invited to seek con-

firmation of this statement in "the entire public press." Now, I happen to have read several notices in the more important organs of the public press with reference to this adaptation of the eccentric Mr. Grundy, and I find nothing whatever to confirm this view. Had Mr. Irving or Mr. Bancroft advertised *Hamlet* or *Caste* as the greatest success in London, the entire public press might have been appealed to without fear of contradiction; but then, as a matter of course, Mr. Irving and Mr. Bancroft are the last men in London to issue "puffs," preferring to let their productions speak for them. I have seen Mr. Grundy's *Snowball*, which, as a matter of fact, is a farce with a very paltry motive tediously spun out, and had it not been for a desire to see Miss Venne and M. Marius in the burlesque I should never have heard the end of *The Snowball*. Miss Venne has a brilliant future before her if she works hard and takes her tide at the flood.

THAT there is no accounting for tastes is an old proverb which finds new proof every day, and Mr. Marshall, of West Bradford (Pa.), is a case in point. Mr. Marshall wanting a pet some time ago, looked round, and seems to have decided that a pole-cat would be a good sort of creature to keep—one of which he really could grow fond. He was lucky enough to find a young one, and, disregarding the criticisms of his friends, took it carefully home with him. The proud owner announces his perfect satisfaction with his pet, which takes kindly to him and allows him to fondle it, &c. In the morning and evening it goes out hunting for food, and these are the times when Mr. Marshall's friends prefer to call; for when it is approached by a stranger or alarmed by a dog, it is said to be "unpleasantly scented." This is very easily comprehensible, and if I lived in West Bradford and had the honour of Mr. Marshall's acquaintance I should certainly keep up the intimacy as much as possible through the medium of the post-office.

To the labours of the female pedestrians there is no end. The last of whom American papers write is Miss Bartel, who intends, if she can, to walk 3,000 quarter miles in as many quarter hours. Miss Bartel has been a milk-maid, and for training has carried her cans round the roughest parts of Westchester County. The start created great attention, a prominent spectator being Judge Hilton, who was the leader in the search for the corpse of the late Mr. A. T. Stewart, the millionaire, which had been feloniously abstracted from the vault. It need hardly be said that one of those ubiquitous creatures, a reporter of the *New York Herald*, went to the hall where Miss Bartel was walking, to gain particulars; and it is rather shocking to find that he interviewed her when she was reclining on her couch. It seems to me that the athletic young milkmaid rather snubbed the reporter, for on his asking whether she "felt confident of her ability to fulfil the task," she replied, "I do, or I should not have undertaken it;" and this is all he records. She is dressed in a green silk, tight-fitting basque, with a skirt which came only to the knees. She wore white silk hose, and on her head a scarlet fez cap; which was a pretty adornment to her figure, and her shoes were ordinary walking shoes. Miss Bartel is only one among many. If some of the ladies who have difficulty in finding a vent for their superfluous energies, and write novels in consequence, would only take to pedestrianism they would confer a double benefit on the public. They could not write while they were walking, and after their exertions they would require prolonged rest.

IT is said that an old woman named Elizabeth Potter has just died in the village of Skewsbury, near Malton, Yorkshire, at the very ripe age of 105. She not only retained all her faculties to the last, but worked vigorously at the not very easy business of taking coals out in a cart for sale. When Mr. Thoms comes to investigate the matter he will probably find that a miscalculation has been made, and that the old lady came short of her hundredth year; but there is reason to suppose that she had passed far beyond the allotted space, and no doubt the reason of this is in a great measure because she had plenty of fresh air and exercise. As a very general rule, women, especially in the better classes of society, suffer from all sorts of ailments simply because they do not use the faculties that Providence has given them. Their muscles grow flaccid and feeble, digestion gets out of order, illness comes on; while a good brisk walk every morning would have done more good than all the doctors can do together. Probably few feminine constitutions could stand the labour of taking coals out for sale; but that most feminine constitutions would be immensely benefited by the regular exercise which so few take, is unquestionable.

CONCERNING good runs, as has been already remarked, opinions differ, and one description of a good run that I recently heard would hardly be approved of by some sportsmen. "Were you out on Tuesday?" a friend asked a member of the neighbouring North S—Hunt. "Yes," was the reply. "Good sport?" "Capital!" "Really?" "Yes; biggest run I ever had in my life." "I didn't hear of it. Wish I'd come with you!" said the inquirer as he went his way. "I didn't know you had a good run on Tuesday?" said a companion interrogatively. "But I had, though!" the successful sportsman replied. "I had to run two miles after my horse—deuced stiff country too—and never caught him after all. If you don't call that a good run try it yourself, and you may alter your opinion."

RAPIER.

THE ALCAZAR (Limited).—The company that has been started by a body of directors who should certainly have an accurate idea of the public taste promises to supply a want that has been felt. It is proposed to erect a Theatre of Varieties, with a restaurant, cafe, billiard saloons, and bufet attached to it; and in the theatre, dramatic and musical performances will be given. The Alcazar will, in fact, be something between a theatre and a very superior music-hall. Ballet will be a prominent feature, and the pieces given will be as a rule short, so that visitors may drop in at any time with a safe conviction that they will find something to amuse and interest them. The directors and their friends have already applied for a large number of shares.

## FAMOUS PLAYERS.

BY A. H. WALL.

## "FAMOUS NED ALLEYN" AND "GOD'S GIFT COLLEGE."

(Continued from page 518.)

WHEN Ned Alleyn made this purchase of his brother-actor, Richard Jones, the players were in more evil repute than ever amongst the London citizens, who never loved them. Even in April, 1543, when the poet earl, Henry Howard, was charged with his companions, Pickering and Young Wyatt, before the Privy Council with breaking the windows of peaceable citizens at midnight, and otherwise behaving in "a lewd and unseemly manner," the civic authorities remarked as adding to their offence that they did so "like licentious players." And now—as I have said—they were in worse odour than ever, for despite all that could be done by successive Lord Mayors, and the Court of Common Council, the attacks of pamphlets, and the preaching at Paul's Cross against "filthy plays," James Burbage—although his two Shoreditch theatres were still open—set up a playhouse under their very noses, right in the midst of the lords and ladies and people of fashion, who lived in the vicinity of Elizabeth's royal palace of Bridewell; by what had been the great monastery of the Black (or Dominican) Friars, on a site still known as Playhouse Yard.

It was a private, or select theatre, so-called, perhaps, from its excluding those whose costumes indicated a class of patrons unfit to be under the same roof with courtiers and royal personages; for in those days, so far as outward seeming went, law made tailors make the man. Even now at a West-end theatre "full" dress is expected, although now-a-days, so far as social distinctions go, full dress is meaningless; and at the opera, where the audience is supposed to be specially select, it is still actually enforced. Blackfriars was then what now the West-end of town is, the court or aristocratic quarter, and its theatre was what the opera now is amongst the other theatres, the royal play-house. Most of the theatres then built were summer theatres, open at the top for the admission of daylight, after the fashion of old Rome and Greece, which the plays themselves imitated. But the Blackfriars house was covered in for winter performances and lighted by candles.

There can be but little doubt that Ned Alleyn, ranking high in his profession, as he did, played at the Theatre Royal in mighty rivalry with Richard Burbage, a son of the master or manager. It was not then the fashion to attach the names of actors to the parts they played, and therefore we cannot positively affirm that he did so, but if indirect evidence may be received he did play there, and assuming that "famous Ned Alleyn" played in the Burbage company, it may well have happened that Burbage went to play before the Bailiff of Stratford-on-Avon, when Shakspeare was working in the office of his relative, Arden the lawyer, his father being in distressed circumstances, and, when, although so young a man, he had a wife and three children to support.

Burbage himself was, you must remember, quite at home in Stratford, and we may fairly assume that he knew well enough the marriage-united families of Hathaway, Arden and Shakspeare. Lord Southampton's well-known letter introducing William Shakspeare and Richard Burbage to Lord Ellesmere tells us that Richard was born almost in the town of Stratford, and James Burbage is traditionally said to have been a Warwickshire man by birth. The players were always welcomed by the authorities of Stratford whatever they may have been by the churlish citizens of London. Between 1569 and 1580 seven distinct companies played there, those of Lord Strange, to which Alleyn is known to have belonged, amongst them.

I like to imagine James and Richard Burbage and Ned Alleyn meeting the young stage-struck noverint, or attorney's clerk,\*

and his cousin, the future clever comedian, Thomas Greene, in that cosy room in the Falcon, and there talking about the drama until they were in a glow of enthusiasm, and struck that bargain which resulted in Greene and his cousin Shakspeare leaving their native town, nearest relatives, and respectable callings to become players' hirelings in London, where the players themselves were so contemptuously patronised and fiercely persecuted. You will remember, perhaps, Greene's lines on Shakspeare—

In Avon's streams we both of us have laved.  
And both came out together.

In 1589, the year following that on which Richard Jones sold his share in the playhouse to Alleyn, Lord Strange's company of players were complained of to the Lord Mayor, as it appears, in a captious unreasoning spirit, by one Master Tilney, a citizen of some importance, who specially disliked both this company and that of the Lord Admiral. Both these companies were therefore formally and strictly forbidden to play, or, in other words, labour for their living. The Admiral's company obeyed, but Lord Strange's players—whose necessities may have been keener—went that very afternoon to the Cross Keys and there performed. Whereupon the Lord Mayor, having captured and committed two of them to the comptor, prohibited plays altogether, whereby we presume the rest of the theatrical companies were either driven once again from London or rested in enforced idleness.

About this time Master Edward Alleyn was a member of the Earl of Nottingham's company of players, and probably out of London. If so, on his return he applied to the justices of Mid-

of strolling players in his day may be found in his volume of "Merry Conceited Jests," which was published after his death.

Within six months after Alleyn's wedding the Plague appeared in London, and, as was usual on such disastrous occasions, all the theatres were closed. Consequently Alleyn joined the company of Lord Strange in a strolling expedition through the provinces. We can follow them in imagination if we please to collect and piece together the *disjecta membra* of histrionic story. There are the wagons which carried their costumes, properties, &c.,\* beside which Ben Jonson is described as trotting; the dangers and hardships of their mode of travelling; the stir made by their entry into a country town; their anxious waiting upon the bailiff or mayor to obtain a license for their playing; the gleeful setting up of their stage; their opening performance, called "The Mayor's Play," at which the aldermen and common council were present, and for which they were awarded any sum the poverty or wealth, meanness or generosity, of the Corporation dictated. James Burbage and the Earl of Leicester's players received 6s. 8d. for the bailiff's play at Stratford in 1573, and in the following year the Corporation of that good old play-loving town paid for the same 17s. to the Earl of Warwick's players, and 5s. 7d. to the players of the Earl of Worcester. We can therefore guess at their earnings and how hardly they won them, and trace them:—

"O'er many a heath, thro' many a woodland dun,"  
in the less cultivated England of their day.

In the collection of Alleyn's papers, preserved in Dulwich College, are some long and carefully preserved letters sent at this

time to his newly-made wife in London. In one he writes to her as his "good sweet Mouse," and says, "hoping by God, though the sickness be round about you, yet by His mercy it may escape your house, which, by the Grace of God it shall," and he sensibly adds by way of advice, "Keep your house fair and clean, which I know you will, and every evening throw water before your door and in your back court, and have in your windows good store of rue, the 'herb of grace,' and withal the grace of God which must be obtained by prayers; and so doing, no doubt but the Lord will mercifully defend you."

But, alas! it was not only the horrible Plague that Joan Alleyn had to fear. Woman though she was, and consequently no player, yet as the wife and daughter of a player, the harsh and stony-hearted City authorities had little mercy upon her. In the second letter Alleyn writes:—

"Mouse, — I little thought to hear that which I now hear of you, for it is well-known, they say, that you were by my Lord Mayor's officer made to ride in a cart, you and all your fellowes, which I am sorry to hear."

The poor little "Mouse," timid and gentle as her husband's pet name would imply, must have suffered terribly during that disgraceful ride

through the coarsely jesting and jeering crowds, yet she lovingly spared her absent husband the bitter pang which she knew the hearing of such evil news would convey, and left to others the task of awakening his sorrow and indignation.†

How Alleyn loved to hear from his dear little wife in those days, when there was no regular means of conveying letters, and all sorts of trouble and delay had to be endured before they could be forwarded, is shown where he says:—

"Mouse, you send me no news of any things; you should send of your domesticall matters, such things as hapens att home, as how your distilled watter proves, or this, or that, or anything what you will."

The good, kind hearts that warmed so lovingly one towards another in those far-away old times, just as now they do in the breasts of home-loving, middle-class English men and women, are easily read through the thickening mists of time by the aid of these few simple words.

There is another of these torn, discoloured, mutilated letters,

\* An old inventory mentions amongst the dresses belonging to this company "an orange tawny satin doublet, laid thick with gold lace; a blue taffeta suit; a pair of carnation satin venetians, laid with gold lace; Harry the Fifth's velvet gown; an ash-coloured satin doublet, laid with gold; a peach-coloured ditto; a pair of cloth-of-gold hose, with silver pins; a long robe with spangles." It also values "a white satin doublet, laid thick with gold lace," and "a pair of rowne pandes hose" at seven pounds, and nine other suits at thirty-seven pounds.

† There was an old City custom then occasionally in use of punishing disreputable characters by closely shaving their heads, and carting them from one end of the City to the other, with pipes and trumpets playing before them. It was first introduced by John Northampton, Lord Mayor of London in 1379, as a punishment for females of bad repute.



LONDON THEATRICAL MANAGERS: NO. 2.—MR. HARE.

desex in the name of the Earl for a license to build a new playhouse in the parish of Cripplegate, without the city walls. The inhabitants of the village petitioned the Privy Council in its favour and the parish authorities gave their consent "because," as they said, "the erectors of the said house are contented to give a very liberal portion of money weekly towards the relief of our poor, and because our parish is not able to relieve them." The site he selected was that of a low-lying village, surrounded by swampy meadow-land, near the Barbican and close by Redcross-street. One Master Gill sold him a lease of the ground for £240, and the erection of the playhouse and other adjoining buildings cost him £640. It was opened, probably, in 1600 by its builder and his partner, a well-known flourishing play-manager and pawnbroker, Master Philip Henslowe, and it prospered. The name of Playhouse-yard marks its site still.

Amongst those who played upon its boards was Edward, brother of William Shakspeare, and many and many a famous play there first won public favour.

Alleyn's partnership with Henslowe soon led to another partnership, for the latter had a step-daughter named Joan Woodward, with whom he fell in love. They were married in 1592, the year in which George Peele, one of the player and playwright shareholders in Shakspeare's company, closed miserably, in the depths of extreme degradation and poverty, a wild career of recklessness and debauchery. A glimpse of the odd doings

so forth; and if you intreat him fair in a frosty morning (does this refer to the winter house?) "he will afford you whole Hamlets—I should say, handfuls of tragical speeches." The oldest copy extant of the epistle in which these lines appear is dated 1589.

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

host unsuspicious, and the wind blew from the north. But the ship never came, and the party returned disconsolately once more to their place of refuge in the gloomy shadow of its two great hills. After breakfast Lord Wilmot and Peter went to Lyme, and Frank Windham rode with his trusty servant, William Jackson, to a place still more retired and obscure, four miles from Lyme, called Burport, leaving the lady behind to keep watch at Charmouth. But at Burport a terrible fright awaited them. The place was full of their enemies—Colonel Hayne was there with fifteen hundred men, on their way to attack Jersey. In his own account Charles says: "Frank Windham was very much startled, and asked me what I would do. I told him that we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done, because we should otherwise miss my Lord Wilnot. . . . So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard full of soldiers. I alighted, and, taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in amongst them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did; and they were very angry with me for my rudeness."

In the meantime, however, a great outcry arose at Charmouth. A blacksmith there had noticed the shoes of Lord Wilmot's horse, and concluded from certain peculiarities that it had been recently shod in the North. This was not in keeping with the story told by the travellers, and suspicions were aroused, which resulted in a general arming and pursuit. But neither in Lyme nor Burport nor elsewhere, could they find the fugitives, who had dined and gone their way on the road towards London, where Lord Wilmot joined them with good news. There had been some mistake, and the ship would be ready for them on the next night. Then arose a discussion, should they go back to Charmouth or elsewhere. Luckily for themselves they elected to go elsewhere, where they heard that the country was alarmed, their pursuers active, and the merchant so suspicious that he had declined to have anything more to do with them. How they escaped to Frank Windham's house at Trent, and how on October 15 the Prince embarked from Brighthelmstone in Sussex, now Brighton, is no part of the story belonging to our famous hosterie.

#### BREAKING UP THE FOX.

Vengeance for pillaged farm-yards has overtaken the scattered subject of this picture, who was a short time ago running and dodging before a pack of eager hounds. His mask is now being suspended from the saddle of one of his captors, while fragments of his body are satisfying the eager appetite of his foes. " 'Tis not," Mr. Jorrocks said in his lecture on Hunting, " 'tis not that I love the fox less, but that I love the hounds more." It may be described as the *raison d'être* of a fox to be eaten by hounds if he cannot take care of himself, and this one has failed, leaving, however, we may hope, in the interests of sport in these glorious days after the frost, a numerous family circle of his "sisters and his cousins, and his aunts," that will run straight and long.

#### BURNING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.

Early on Sunday week the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, was completely destroyed by fire. The pantomime, *Puss in Boots*, had been performed for the last time on Saturday night, and after the audience had dispersed, Mr. Knapp, the manager, and Mr. Major, one of the actors, with one or two others, and Mrs. Smith, wardrobe-keeper, were in the theatre, in which the latter resided, when the gentlemen were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of fire on the stage, and before an alarm was given the flames made their appearance at the roof. Mr. Knapp and his companions tried in vain to escape by the stage door, and were obliged to retrace their steps and break open a door which gave exit to a side street. No sooner were they outside than they discovered Mrs. Smith at a window two stories high. An attempt was at once made to rescue her by a ladder, but this failed, and a mattress being got the gentlemen held out an ulster coat, and asked Mrs. Smith to jump, which she at once did. The fright and jump, however, have much affected her, and she remains in a very weak condition. The fire brigade was summoned; but despite all their efforts, the theatre was completely destroyed, and one portion of the wall fell into the burning building. It was half-past five before the brigade could relax their efforts, and during the succeeding day a detachment was kept playing on the smouldering mass. It is estimated that the damage will at least amount to £12,000. The theatre was erected as a colosseum in 1867, at a cost of £30,000, and in 1869 was opened at the Theatre Royal, when the Dunlop-street Theatre was taken over by the Union Railway. It was put up for sale some time ago at £48,000, and negotiations were in progress for its reconstruction, but these all fell through. The burnt-down theatre, which was the largest in Scotland, has been a very successful house for the last ten years. It had the largest stage in the kingdom, and was noted for scenic display. It is understood that the loss is covered by insurance, but the actors have lost their wardrobes and the orchestra their larger instruments. The building destroyed originally cost £30,000.

#### DEATH OF GENERAL PEELE.

THE sad announcement of General Peel's death, at his residence in Twickenham, at one o'clock on Thursday morning, will be received with general feelings of the deepest regret and sorrow. He was quite the veteran of the turf, for his racing career began in 1831, and he was in his 80th year. In 1831 he won the Two Thousand Guineas with Archibald, and afterwards the Derby; but the latter honour was not given until after a lawsuit, which ended in the disqualification of Running Rein. The General had owned many good horses, he ran first and second for a Cambridgeshire with Dacia and Taffrail, with Dey of Algiers he won the Chester Cup in 1840. Ionian, Ion Slane, and Vulture (Orlando's dam) were other celebrities that carried the purple and orange, and it will be remembered that when Orlando broke down in the Gold Cup at Ascot the General presented him to Her Majesty, and he died at the Royal Stud. Some few years before Lord Glasgow's death General Peel retired from the turf, but, as the late nobleman bequeathed his entire stud jointly to General Peel and Mr. Payne, the popular colours of the soldier-statesman were revived, Enfield being the first that carried them after the break. The last that bore them was Peter, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, and until the moment of the General's death, first favourite for both the Guineas and Derby. He is now disqualified, and all bets made in connection with him are off, as are those about Lancastrian for the Derby, the Toxophilite having been nominated by the General, who tried him at the Glasgow Stud. In the Guineas, however, the Manton youngster stands in the name of his owner, Mr. Crawford.

By the decease of General Peel, of course all entries standing in his name are void, the chief of which are—for the Two Thousand, Peter; the Derby, Peter, Lancastrian, Bay Archer, Lennox, Guenila, and United Service; the Oaks, Fluster, St. Hilda, Assegai, Anonyma filly, Olio, and the Sister to General Peel filly; for the St. Leger, Peter, Lancastrian, United Service, and Bay Archer. In addition to the above, Peter is in the Rous Memorial at Ascot, in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, and in the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket; and altogether there are about fifty nominations that fall through.

## MUSIC.

### CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

ANOTHER important work was added to the repertory of the current opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday last, when Meyerbeer's celebrated grand opera, *Les Huguenots*, was produced with the following cast:—Raoul, Mr. Joseph Maas; Count of St. Bris, Mr. F. H. Celli; Count of Nevers, Cossé, Tavannes, and Ketz (Catholics), Messrs. Leslie Crotty, Charles Lyall, Parry, and Denbigh Newton; Marcel, Mr. Henry Pope; Bois Rose, Mr. L. Cadwalader; Maurevert, Mr. Snazelle; The Watchman, Mr. Leahy; Marguerite, Miss Georgina Burns; Urbano, Miss Josephine Yorke; Maid of Honour, Miss Ella Collins; and Valentina, Madame Vanzini.

Many years have elapsed since *Les Huguenots* was last played in London in the English language. In this form it has often been played in America of late years, and Valentina has found first-rate representatives in Miss Caroline Richings, Madame Parepa-Rosa (?), and Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. In the English provinces it has long been popular, and the English version was performed last year by the Rose Hersee Opera Company at Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other important towns. It has never before, however, been so adequately represented in English as by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and the success which attended its production by Mr. Carl Rosa at Dublin was unprecedented. The cast on that occasion was almost identical with that given above, and the artists who appeared in the opera on Wednesday last were for the most part familiar with the tasks they undertook. To this fact may partly be attributed the smoothness of the performance, and it is obvious that provincial repetitions of an opera must facilitate its subsequent success in London. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that equal excellence was observable in the first performances of *Rienzi* and *Carmen*. The former opera was rehearsed (but not performed) in the provinces under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa, the principal artists being members of his travelling company. *Carmen* was rehearsed partly in the provinces and partly in London, owing to the fact that Madame Selina Dolaro (Carmen), Signor Leli (José), and Mr. Walter Bolton (Escamillo) were residing in London, and were not members of the Carl Rosa Company until the present season commenced. Under these circumstances the task of rehearsing *Carmen* became a "divided duty," and while the choruses and minor parts were studied in the provinces, under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa, the important duty of perfecting the principal artists in their respective rôles was entrusted to Signor Randegger, whose ability in the discharge of this office, in the subsequent full rehearsals, and in conducting the public performances of *Carmen*, has been universally acknowledged. The success of *Les Huguenots*, and also of *Rienzi*, must be mainly attributable to the indomitable energy of Mr. Carl Rosa, who does nothing by halves, and takes care that his principal singers, chorus, and band shall be note-perfect before he allows any opera to be produced under his auspices.

The manner in which *Les Huguenots* was represented on Wednesday last merits hearty praise. It has seldom been better executed on the boards of our Italian opera houses so far as concerns excellence of *ensemble*, and there was no room for doubt as to the success of the English version of the opera, which was enthusiastically applauded by the very large audience. Mr. Maas, who has rapidly made himself a public favourite and a powerful attraction, appeared to greater advantage on this than on any previous occasion, and it is only just to say that we know of no tenor on the Italian stage who could surpass him in the rôle of Raoul. His singing was equally effective in the lighter passages of the music and in energetic declamation. He never employed the falsetto voice, or the odious tremolo, but always sang in the pure Italian style, which is unhappily too rare. His acting, though perhaps unnecessarily sombre in the first act, was graceful and intelligent, and in the great duet with Valentina was imbued with the intensity of genuine emotion. Gifted with an exceptionally charming voice, considerable histrionic ability, and many personal advantages, Mr. Maas has been a persevering student of his art, and is rewarded by the general acknowledgment that he now stands second to no living tenor on any operatic stage. Madame Vanzini, as Valentina, greatly increased her hold on public favour. Her voice is well suited to rôles of the "dramatic" kind, and by the excellence of her vocalisation and the dramatic power of her acting she secured abundant and well merited applause. Miss Yorke, as the page Urbano, obtained a signal triumph, her first song being the only piece encored. Her scales and florid passages were sung with remarkable fluency, and the rich quality of her voice added to the success of the concerted music in which she took part. Similar praise is due to Miss Georgina Burns (Queen Marguerite), who bids fair to take a very high rank among light sopranos. Mr. H. Pope (Marcel) was so nervous that he could hardly do justice to his vocal powers in the first act. In the subsequent duet with Valentina he was more successful. Mr. F. H. Celli was an efficient St. Bris, and Mr. Crotty's pleasant voice was welcome in the rôle of De Nevers. Mr. Charles Lyall (Cossé) made skilful use of small opportunities, and the other characters were satisfactorily filled. The choruses were well sung (excepting the "Rataplan" chorus), the band did justice to the splendid instrumentation, and Mr. Carl Rosa conducted admirably. The performance closed with the third act, which terminated with a striking innovation,—Raoul being shot dead when about to leap from the window. The principal artists were several times called before the curtain, and a complete success was achieved.

The other performances during the past week have been repetitions of operas previously produced during the season. *Rienzi* and *Carmen* have drawn crowded houses, and the morning performances given on Wednesdays and Saturdays have been equally successful. In *The Bohemian Girl* on Monday last Mr. J. W. Turner as Thaddeus made his first appearance this season. He has long been famous for his impersonation of this character, and his fine voice produced its customary effect in the popular tenor songs, &c., he had to sing. The objectionable dance by Devilshoof in Act 2 was again introduced, and was encored by the amateurs in the gallery. It is much to be regretted that this offence against good taste and musical propriety should be sanctioned by Mr. Carl Rosa, who purchased the sole right of performing *The Bohemian Girl*, presumably with the object of presenting model performances of that work.

On Monday next *Maritana* will be produced, for the first and only time this season. It is to be hoped that a comic dance for Don Cesar may not be introduced, but such an interpolation would be fully as justifiable as the vulgar dance of Devilshoof in *The Bohemian Girl*. Miss Georgina Burns has been highly successful in the provinces in the rôle of Maritana, and her appearance in that character on Monday next will be awaited with interest.

The brilliant success which has this season rewarded the efforts of Mr. Carl Rosa forms a strong contrast to the reception bestowed on him during his previous season at the Adelphi Theatre. The quality of the operatic performances from last year, at the Adelphi Theatre, was in no respect inferior to that exhibited this season—so far as concerns vocal and instrumental talent—and it seems clear that the pecuniary losses incurred at the Adelphi Theatre were due to the *locale*. Musical people were disinclined to patronise operatic performances given in a theatre previously

devoted to melodrama and unfavourable to musical effects, although excellently adapted to dramatic purposes. Her Majesty's Theatre is a fitter home for English Opera, and is not only constructed on the best principles of acoustics, but enjoys a high *prestige* as one of the greatest temples of the lyric drama. It is now attended nightly, not only by amateurs belonging to the middle class, but by the leaders of fashion; and there can be little doubt that there is room in London for an English Opera-house, to be permanently established for the vindication and encouragement of native art.

#### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This venerable society has now reached its sixty-seventh season, and the opening concert of the current season, given last week, was attended with every token of success. The programme was, as usual, composed of standard works, and included neither vocal nor instrumental novelties. Whether a rigid adherence to this course is likely to promote the prosperity of the society, and to ensure for it a healthy vitality, is a matter on which doubts are entertained, but there can be little hesitation in saying that classical music was worthily represented in the following selection:

#### PART I.

Suite in D .....	J. S. Bach
Aria, "Che farò" ("Orfeo") .....	Gluck
Concerto in A flat (Piano-orte) .....	Hummel
Overture, "Meerestille" .....	Mendelssohn

#### PART II.

Symphony in B flat .....	Beethoven
Song, "Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman" ("Lady of the Lake") .....	G. A. Macfarren
Overture, "Anacreon" .....	Cherubini

Respecting the orchestral works selected on this occasion nothing remains to be said, but it is only just to say that they were in almost all respects admirably executed, under the able direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The Hummel concerto was played by Madame Arabella Goddard with the brilliancy of execution and refinement of taste for which she is deservedly renowned, and again she showed herself to be unrivalled in one accomplishment—the art of producing a perfect *pianissimo* without loss of expression. She was rewarded with the hearty applause due to her great ability. Mrs. Patey, also, was received with well-merited favour. Her delivery of "Che farò" was in all respects delightful, and she did ample justice to Mr. Macfarren's song, the most melodious number in his cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*. At the next concert Herr Joachim will be the chief attraction.

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Mozart's *Requiem* and Beethoven's *Mourning of Olives* were performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall yesterday week, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. The principal vocalists—Mrs. Osgood, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Bridson—did justice to their respective tasks, and the chorus singing was unusually good. The same may be said of the manner in which the orchestral music was executed by the excellent band; and Mr. Willing's abe'management of the great organ merits warm praise. We have on former occasions complained of the unpleasant exaggeration and deafening noise observable in the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society. On the occasion under notice these defects were not perceptible, and enjoyment of the music was consequently enhanced. At the next concert Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, and Mozart's "Service, No. 12," will be performed. We do not know of any work by Mozart which bears the title of a "Service." Probably the "Service, No. 12," may prove to be the glorious 12th Mass in C major, which stands at the head of all ecclesiastical music. If so, why should the Sacred Harmonic Society shrink timorously from announcing the mass under its proper designation? We laugh at the feeble hypocrisy of the Mahometan who satisfies his conscience by calling his forbidden pork "veal," and surely it is equally pitiable when a musical society calls a mass "a service" for fear of offending a few bigots? If the mass should be performed with the original Latin words, the absurdity of a vain attempt to conceal its Roman Catholic character will be signally conspicuous.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts were resumed on Saturday last, after the usual holiday recess. At this, the twelfth concert of the twenty-third series of these valuable entertainments, the customary standard of refined taste was maintained, and the programme not only comprised a number of admitted masterpieces, but an important novelty. The chief orchestral works were Beethoven's fourth symphony, in B flat; Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor; and Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*. Mendelssohn's Hymn for solo alto voice and chorus was also included in the programme, and the novelty of the occasion was a selection from a new opera, *Morte d'Arthur*, composed by Mr. F. Corder, Mendelssohn scholar at the Royal Academy of Music. The extract consisted of an incidental Masque, *The Triumph of Spring*. For want of sufficient rehearsals, the performance of this work was unsatisfactory, and the four young ladies to whom the vocal quartet was entrusted were too nervous to do justice to the music. Under these circumstances a definitive judgment on Mr. Corder's effort must be postponed to a future date. The other portions of the programme were well executed, and the delightful vocalisation of Mrs. Patey and Mr. Lloyd greatly added to the success of the concert. Mdle. Janotha's execution of the pianoforte part in Schumann's concerto was warmly and deservedly applauded. Mr. Manns, who was warmly welcomed, resumed his post as conductor, and acquitted himself with his usual ability and zeal.

At Mr. Walter Bache's concert in St. James's Hall next Tuesday week Mr. August Manns will conduct a picked orchestra of 93 performers, and some characteristic specimens of Wagner and Liszt, &c., will be included in the programme—notably Liszt's *Mazeppa*. Mr. Walter Bache will play but once—a fact which will be regretted by his numerous friends and admirers.

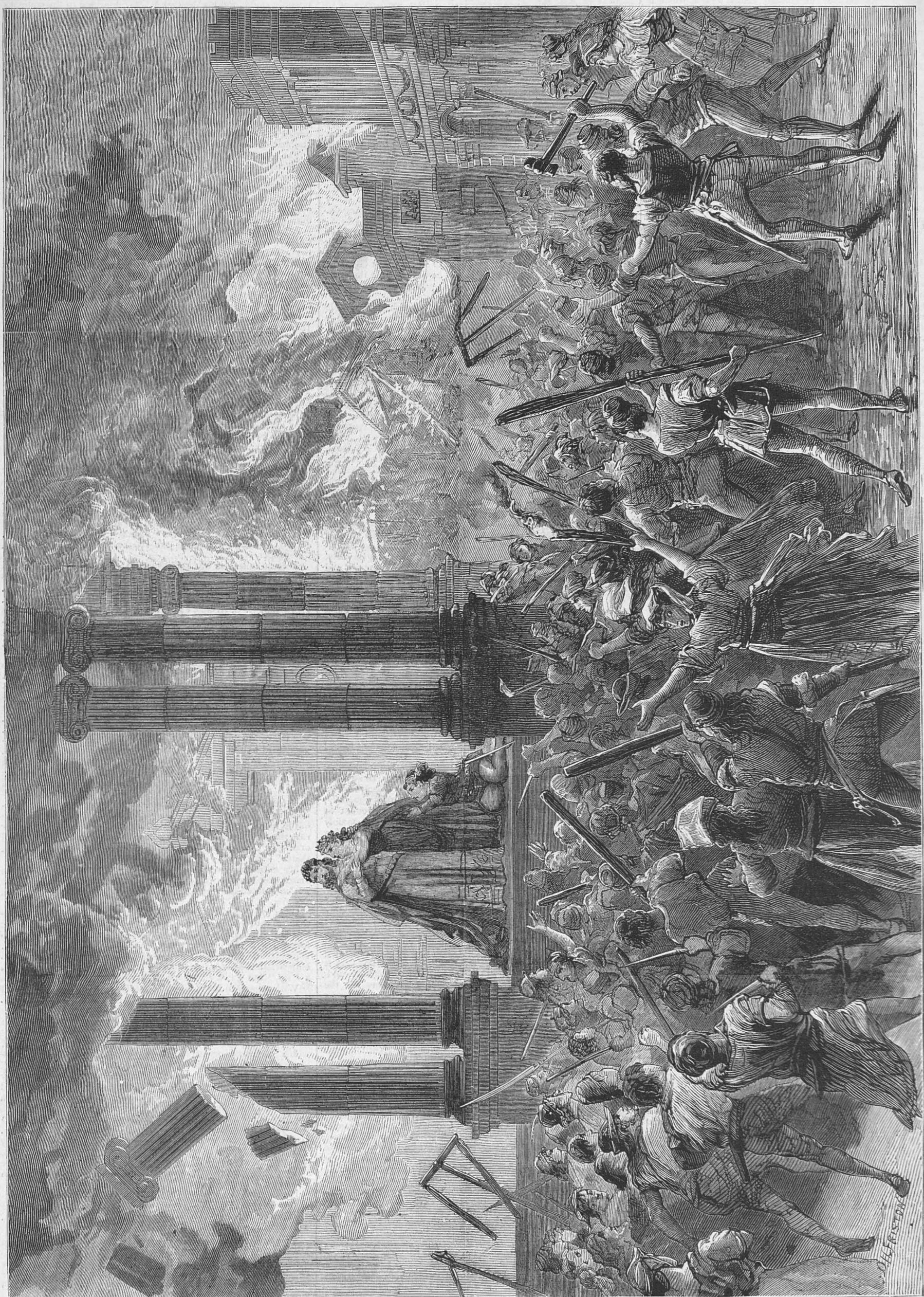
The Schubert Society has commenced its operations for the season, under the direction of Herr Schubert, who has issued a highly attractive prospectus.

*Tuninhäuser* has been produced at St. Petersburg with great success. The local journals speak in high praise of Mdle. Albani's Elsa, and Signor Cotogni appears to have made a remarkable success in the rôle of Wolfram.

Signor Ferri's weekly private singing classes continue to be as attractive as ever to amateurs, and are, in fact, gradually merging into brilliant *soirées musicales*, to which an additional attraction is naturally lent from the circumstance of their taking place at the private residence of one or other of his patrons. Upon the last occasion the performance of the programme did equal honour to *maestro* and *scolari*. In the *répertoire* many well-known compositions were executed in artistic style, and gave evidence of decided painstaking and much ability. Each series comprises twelve *soirées*, the entrance fee to which is nominal to pupils and their friends. Signor Ferri will be happy to give all particulars in answer to any applications which may be made to him at his residence, 28, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's Park.



A LONG TROT HOME.



SCENE FROM "RIENZI" AT HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—THE COMBAT OF GLADIATORS AND BURNING OF ROME.

## THE DRAMA.

## CRITERION THEATRE.

We have a suspicion that the comedy called *Truth*, which is ascribed to the pen of the genial and humorous Bronson Howard, has been pretty freely edited to suit the present taste of the Criterion audiences. There is a *soupçon* of audacious cynicism in the quotation upon the playbills of a serious and moral quotation that we imagine can hardly have emanated from the author of *Saratoga* :

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of heaven are hers;  
But error wounded writhes in pain,  
And dies among her worshippers.

This might well be the motto of a didactic drama by the late Hannah More or some other worthy luminary of a bygone age. Doubtless we should be hazarding a perfectly unwarrantable guess if we were to allow ourselves to imagine for one moment that the well-known adapter of the *Pink Dominos* has had any hand in disguising—we beg pardon—revising *Truth* for the English market. We will therefore content ourselves with remarking that sundry passages of dialogue and several sly jests are much after the style of that popular author. This is as it should be. If the public have proved that the class of dramatic fare which Mr. Charles Wyndham has latterly put before them at the Criterion is entirely to their liking, he would indeed be a short-sighted manager if he listened to the cavilling criticisms of a few, and attempted to ignore the prevailing taste of the multitude. It may or may not be deplorable, but it is undoubtedly a fact that the present generation go to the theatre to be amused, and if they attain this object care but little to inquire whether or no the cause of their amusement is high art or pure morality. It would be rash to predict for *Truth* at the Criterion a success approaching that achieved by the *Pink Dominos*, because the new piece is by no means so well constructed. On the first night, however, it was received with constant ebullitions of merriment by a most purient audience, and we have no doubt but that it will outlast the season. The plot of *Truth* is extremely slight. It turns upon the endeavours of two husbands and two young men who are engaged to be married to conceal from wives, sweethearts, and mother-in-law the fact that they have been spending the night in unholly orgies at a *bal masque*. The circumstance that they all belong to the austere order of Quakers makes it additionally necessary for them to assume a virtue when they have it not. The fun of the piece is chiefly dependent upon comic “business.” Mr. W. J. Hill is an actor who could not avoid being funny under any circumstances, and as Sir Partridge Compton he contrives to elicit plenty of laughter from the audience. Mr. Charles Wyndham, as Mr. Alfred Sterry, the young but erratic husband, plays in his usual rattletrap style; in this class of part he is always thoroughly at home, although upon looking back we are constrained to think that Mr. Wyndham has never been so happy in any part as he was in that of the inflammable Bob Sackett, in Mr. Bronson Howard's other piece, *Brighton*. As Mr. Frederick Fry and Mr. John Penry, Mr. Carton and Mr. Standing act well. The latter is especially good as a sort of Joseph Surface, who takes advantage of the deceit of his companions to invest himself with the character of a truthful person. Miss Mary Rorke, who has been absent from London for a considerable time, plays the part of Mrs. Dorothy Sterry charmingly, and Miss Rose Egan is excellent as Lady Compton. Miss L. Vining as Mrs. McNamara, the “one wise woman,” made a most favourable impression, and Miss Emily Vining (Jumps) is very good. To our thinking, however, the most comic and finished performance in *Truth* is Mrs. Stephens' representation of Mrs. Stonehenge Tuttle, the astute mother-in-law. It is a most finished and diverting bit of character acting.

*A Pair of Them*, an operetta written by Mr. “Peyton Wrey,” with music chosen from various sources, by Herr Meyer Lütz, is in rehearsal at the Gaiety Theatre.

*Hamlet* at the Lyceum is to be succeeded by *The Lady of Lyons*. The parts have been distributed.

*The Colleen Bawn*, *Ours*, and *Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore* are all on the boards, the latter at two theatres. Mr. Coghlan in the cast of *Ours* at Wallack's plays the part he filled in this country. *The Colleen Bawn* is at the New Opera House.

## THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed—in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

ALTRINCHAM AND BOWDON AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—On Friday and Saturday, the 7th and 8th instant, the above society held their closing performances for the season in the Skating Rink, Peel Causeway. The pieces selected for representation were George Colman's comedy, *The Heir-at-Law*, and J. B. Buckstone's comic drama, *A Rough Diamond*. When amateurs aspire to play so well-known a comedy as *The Heir-at-Law* it is with feelings of curiosity, or perhaps misgiving, that we watch the rise of the curtain, but the Bowdon Dramatic Society had not over-estimated their strength, and merited the applause of the large audience. The Zekiel Homespun of Mr. O. S. Holt, and the Dr. Pangloss of Mr. J. H. Atkinson, were remarkably well rendered, and evidently the result of very careful study, the remaining honours being equally divided amongst Messrs. W. Ryecroft, H. Collins, W. S. Adams, W. H. Hadfield, and F. H. Lamb, as Daniel Dowlas, Dick Dowlas, Henry Morland, Stedfast, and Kendrick respectively, the ladies, Mrs. Tullock, Miss Amy Villiers, and Miss Jessie Werner, as Lady Duberly, Caroline Dorner, and Cicely Homespun, rendering able assistance. In the afterpiece Mr. J. H. Atkinson was very amusing as Cousin Joe, Captain Blenheim, and Lord Plato being well played by Mr. L. J. Mitchell and Mr. L. Rogers, but we hardly think it consistent for a gentleman who considers “education the panacea for every social evil” to so grossly abuse his vowels as to talk of a “wummen;” nor, we might remind Mr. Collier, is Sir William Evergreen a mimic impersonation of a popular tragedian. Taking the performance as a whole we congratulate the society on having scored a great success. The stage arrangements were ably carried out under the supervision of Mr. G. R. Bradbury and his assistant, Mr. H. V. Kilborn, and the auditorium was tastefully decorated. A skating rink does not sound very inviting as a theatre, but in point of comfort the good management of the committee left nothing to be desired.

AMATEURS AT RICHMOND.—On Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 5 and 6, a performance was given by a company of amateurs at the Castle Hotel, in aid of the Richmond Infirmary. A pretty little stage had been fitted up, and the room, which was a large one, was fairly well-filled on the night we were present. The performance commenced with Mr. Byron's *Partners for Life*. This charming comedy seems lately to have become a great favourite with amateurs, for we constantly hear of its being performed, but we venture to doubt their wisdom in choosing it. The plot is so slight that the success of the piece depends almost

entirely on the acting; and if this is not in the hands of very competent actors and actresses the piece must inevitably “go flat.” This proved to be the case in the present instance, and had it not been for the acting of Mr. Ellis Willes as Muggles, and Miss Leathers Willes as Fanny Smith, we should be obliged to class this among the very dullest performances it has been our lot to witness. Mr. Willes looked the part thoroughly, had evidently studied carefully, and although a little monotonous at times, was free from most of the faults of amateurs. As far as looks and a good stage-presence go, the lady whose name we have mentioned was all that could be desired, and there was a certain brightness about her acting which was very pleasant, but some of her best situations were quite spoilt through a want of knowledge of the very rudiments of the art. Of Mr. Bidwell as Mervyn we can only say he simply said his part straight through—generally standing in front of the foot-lights—we cannot call his acting a failure because he never attempted to act at all. Mr. Fuller as Ernest spoke in a monotone and was as awkward in his movements as could well be imagined. Mr. Hawkesworth, as Tom Gilroy, spoke his lines rather better than some of the others, but was terribly fidgetty. Mr. T. Skewes Cox as Major Billiter, Mr. H. Skewes Cox as Goppinger, and Mr. Canning as Drelincourt, have each arrived at that state of proficiency when they might safely be allowed to bring on a letter. Miss Hoskins as Emily Mervyn, Mrs. Ellis Willes as Priscilla, and Miss Wallington as Derbyshire all looked very nice, but we would rather not carry our criticism further. After a wait of twenty-five minutes the curtain rose on the farce of No. 6, *Duke-street*, in which the principal part of Judd (the author) was entrusted to Mr. Herbert Canning, who might have been fairly good had he not imitated the voice and manner of Mr. Henry Irving. The orchestra was composed from the band of the 1st Royal Surrey Militia.

DRILL HALL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—With such an admirable Bob Acres as Mr. Quintin Twiss in the cast, one can hardly judge the amateur performance of *The Rival* at the Drill Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, from the usual point of view. Few low comedians on the boards have the original humour which this gentleman so richly displays, and as he has played many hundreds of times for a great many years past, his experience is as extensive as that of a recognised actor. Moreover, the cast of *The Rivals* (which was played for the purpose of raising funds towards improvements in a church at West Molesey) contained other names far beyond the ordinary amateur standard. Mr. Barrington Foote, a very clever actor, was the Sir Anthony Absolute; Mr. Alwyn Maude, who will do well when his experience equals his ambition, was the Captain Absolute, Colonel Middleton the Sir Lucius, and Messrs. Leslie Gordon, Lambart, and Trevenen the Faulkland, Fag, and David. Another special success was the Mrs. Mataprop of the Hon. Mrs. Wrottesley, who stands almost alone amongst amateur comediennes, and entered thoroughly into the humour of the part. Mrs. Hunt Foulston and Miss Chesney played carefully and well as Lydia Languish and Lucy. The farce of *Whitebait at Greenwich* followed, with Mr. Quintin Twiss as John Small, one of the funniest performances to be seen on the stage, in which term we deliberately include the “professional” boards. Here again Mrs. Wrottesley gave the most able assistance as Mrs. Buzzard, and Mr. Barrington Foote was a good Glimmer. Between forty and fifty pounds will, it is expected, be handed over to the Church Fund.

At a performance given at St. George's Hall on Saturday last it was announced that after paying all expenses a cheque for £306 would be handed to the treasurer of the Jewish Convalescent Home, in aid of which the entertainment was given. This amount included a donation from Mr. Albery, author of *Forgiven*, the piece chosen for representation. We doubt whether so large a sum has ever been realised by amateurs at this theatre.

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

A SPECIAL general meeting of the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club was held on Monday evening at the Grand Hotel, Bristol, to take into consideration the present condition of the club, and to fill the vacancies on the committee occasioned by the rupture reported in this column some time back. As I consider the matter one of great importance to cricketers in general, and of interest to my readers generally, with my Editor's permission, I shall give as full an account as possible of the proceedings, for which account I am mainly indebted to the courtesy of the Editor of the *Manchester Sporting Chronicle*.

The chairman (Dr. Siddell) briefly explained that, after the rule as to the secretary having a vote was carried against the committee at the last meeting, a very large resignation took place, no fewer than nine members tendering their resignation; and at a committee meeting held a fortnight ago there were present only Mr. Henry Grace, Dr. E. M. Grace (the secretary), Mr. Brooke (Cheltenham), and himself. The committee men he had mentioned felt that, although they had a right to fill up those vacancies till the next annual meeting, it was only due to protect themselves, and for the good of the club, that they should bring the matter before the club generally. He felt personally that it had been a great calamity that had happened to the club, and, whether the Grace family or the other playing members left the club, it was equally a calamity; and, if the club once became divided, it would become weak, and as a county club it would be certain to fall into decay. He had heard that five of the best playing members who coincided with the committee had signified their intention that, unless the committee returned to office, and their ideas were fully carried out, they would secede entirely from the club and decline to play. Such a thing as that ought not to take place, and he trusted that, after hearing what Dr. Grace had to say, the committee would return in a body.

Dr. E. M. Grace, the secretary, having thanked those who had supported him at the last meeting, said, since then much had been said and many letters written, and it had been suggested that if he undertook not to exercise his right to vote, the ex-members of the committee would be satisfied, and would return. Though he should ever believe that the secretary, whether paid or honorary, ought to vote as long as he was a member, he was now quite willing to give up his right under the rule for the sake of the interests of the club; and, if the members of the club preferred the alternative, he should only be too happy to resign his office.

Mr. Edward Lawrence, Cheltenham, assured the meeting that the Cheltenham division viewed with great alarm this break among the Gloucestershire Club, and it must certainly be a break-up unless something was definitely settled. Everyone in Cheltenham was deeply grieved about it, that the County Club in Gloucestershire, in the height of its prosperity, should break up on what all outsiders believed to be a very small matter, though perhaps important to Dr. Grace and the ex-members of the committee. He would suggest that the rule might be altered in accordance with the wishes of the committee; but the alteration should not come into force while the present secretary was in office, he having given his promise not to vote. He thought they ought to look upon Dr. Grace as a special man, and not as an ordinary secretary, and the rule might thus be made exceptional for him. He pro-

posed that they should make an alteration in the bye-laws in accordance with his suggestion, and in this was supported by Messrs. Oliphant, Bush, F. Townshend, and Captain Warren, the last-named speaking for absent committee-men.

After Dr. Grace had adhered to his right as strenuously as he possibly could, and his brother W. G. appealed to the company to let “bygones be bygones” and meet each other half-way, a deal of discussion followed, which resulted in the following resolution, on the motion of Mr. Lawrence, of Cheltenham, seconded by Mr. James Lillywhite, being carried *nem. con.*: “That this meeting earnestly requests the members of the committee who have resigned to resume their positions till the next general meeting,” with the addition of this rider: “That this meeting considers that, after hearing Dr. Grace's statement that he does not intend to exercise his right to vote in future if the bye-laws be altered in accordance with the proposal at the last meeting, subject to the condition that the alteration is not to come into force during the tenure of office of the present secretary, an honourable and amicable course will be arrived at.”

The members of the committee who had resigned were then re-elected temporarily, and the proceedings terminated.

Every one of my readers will rejoice with me at the fact of a reconciliation, if only temporary, having been arrived at, but at the same time must admire those members of the club who have opposed the monopoly attained by one family over every one else during the past season.

Although popular with those athletes who go in for it personally, amateur long distance walking does not find favour with the general public, and despite the delightful change in the weather, I was sorry to find only a small company at Stamford Bridge on Saturday last, when a thirty miles' walk took place, under the auspices of the London A.C. Those who stayed away lost a treat, as another “best on record” was made from twenty-six to thirty miles.

Out of twenty-six entries the following came to the post:—J. A. Squires, L.A.C.; C. M. Callow, L.A.C.; B. Nickels, jun., L.A.C.; J. Bell, Civil Service; G. P. Beckley, South London Harriers; A. E. Ball, T.H. and H.; G. A. Hindmarsh, L.A.C.; H. H. Griffin, L.A.C.; F. B. Montague, L.A.C.; W. W. Ball, T.H. and H.; A. B. Forster, S.L.H.; W. W. Knollys, late Charterhouse South; J. P. Boyle, Pickwick B.C.; E. A. Treeton, Rovers B.C.; R. A. Wilson, Brixton F.C.; G. F. Shepherd, Clapton Beagles; and C. Spiller, Crusaders F.C. J. A. Squires went to the front just before the conclusion of the third mile, was never passed, and won easily in 4h 55min 17sec: his time for 26, 27, 28, and 29 miles being respectively 4h 14min 17sec, 4h 24min 20sec, 4h 34min 47sec, 4h 45min 13sec, all of which now stand as “bests on record.”

Silver medals were given for those who completed the distance under five hours and a quarter, and C. M. Callow, 4h 58min 30sec; B. Nickels, 5h 4min 47sec; and Bell, 5h 5min 48sec, gain the trophy; whilst the bronze medal for those who beat five hours and a half fell to Beckley, 5h 22min 5sec; A. E. Ball, 5h 22min 39sec; and Hindmarsh, 5h 26min 48sec. F. B. Montague had very bad luck, only losing the “bronze” by about half a mile. Mr. W. Waddell was starter and referee, “Bob” Rogers official timekeeper.

A seven miles run was held the same afternoon by the members of the Clapton Beagles over the seven miles course, in which the former took part. J. Pescod (pace-maker), F. W. Ashford, P. H. Binns, J. Nutt, H. C. Townsend, J. M. Crow, A. W. Foulsham, E. C. Atkins, and A. S. Liddall, and they finished as follows:—Binns, Atkins, Townsend, Nutt, with the others at intervals. The Seven Miles Open Handicap takes place next Saturday, 15th inst., from the Royal Standard, Clay-street, Walthamstow; start at 3 20 p.m. sharp.

Eleven “chasers” took part in the Blackheath Harriers' run on Saturday afternoon last, viz., H. England, S. Hirst, W. W. Davis, H. Hardy, E. J. Heasman, W. M. Colson, and Stafford (of the “Home” club), A. J. Fowden, and G. F. Harris (South London Harriers), the course chosen being one distance about eleven miles, over the Nottingham and East Wickham country. At 4.25 a start was made, W. W. Davis acting as pace-maker, and the result of the race home at the finish was a great disappointment to the spectators, as a close contest was anticipated. However, as it turned out, Davis, Colson, and Harris finished level by mutual consent at five minutes past six, although the first could have won easily had he wished; then came Hirst and Hardy a minute later, followed by Heasman, Stafford, and Fowden in the order given. After tea, as usual, a musical entertainment took place, in which the members and their friends came out in force. On Saturday, February 22, there will be another run, when any visitor will receive a hearty welcome. Official orders, “The Green Man Hotel, Blackheath, at four o'clock sharp.”

My anticipations with regard to the Emmett versus Strong match last week proved correct, as the former having this time not underrated his opponent, was in much better form, and won anyhow.

Once more I must repeat that on Monday next I anticipate that the race for the championship on the Tyne between Elliott and Higgins will result, after a good struggle, in the victory of the former, and that the matches Hawdon v. Hanlon, Ross v. Emmett, and Chainey v. Bell are all going on satisfactorily. So long before the races it is scarcely fair to expect that I can give a “tip,” but I fancy Chainey, Ross, and Hawdon.

With regard to the University intelligence of the week I need only remark that practice is going on steadily on both the Isis and Cam.

By-the-bye *incog.*, I, on Saturday evening, was a guest at the first annual supper of the “Thames United Campers,” which took place at the Holborn Restaurant. This society, which numbers upwards of sixty members, was formed last year by a small party of enthusiasts in “camping out,” who very wisely considered that instead of being in solitary parties as heretofore, it would be much better to form a united band. I have often enjoyed that prince of summer pastime, a “camp out” on the banks of the Thames, and was asked to give the idea ventilation; I did so, and am vain enough to suppose I was partly instrumental in assisting the promotion of the club. Undoubtedly the venture has proved a success, some forty sitting down to the supper. Mr. Russell Oliver, vice-president, was in the chair, faced by the captain of the club, Mr. George Nolan. During next season I hope to give my readers an article upon the “Thames United Campers.”

Really I begin to think “Mr. Barney” is about in the Bicycling world just now. That was not a very brilliant performance at Leicester last Saturday between J. Keen and Walter Phillips. The latter won the stakes.

The annual Rugby match between Oxford and Cambridge on Monday last at Kennington Oval resulted in favour of neither, as when “no side” was called no advantage had been gained by either “blue.” Up to the present occasion the results have been as follows, in 1873-74 draws took place, in 1875-77 Oxford won, whilst in 1876 the Light Blues had it.

London v. Birmingham at Wilton-lane, Aston, was a glorious victory for the former, who won by seven goals to nil.

Of Weston I need only state he is still walking, riding, and lecturing about the Provinces, and, thank my stars! not accompanied by

EXON,

## SPORTING SKETCHES.

## A FRONTIER MATCH.

It has been said that if twenty-two Englishmen were unfortunate enough to be wrecked on a desert island the first thing they would proceed to do, after satisfying the wants of the inner man, would be to pick up sides and play cricket. There is much truth in this assertion, for wherever you go, north, south, east, or west, in every clime, from Arctic snows to tropical heat, you will find the following formula hold good:—Englishmen + stumps + bat and ball = a cricket match. I have played cricket in many places many lands, under advantageous circumstances and the reverse, and but perhaps the most extraordinary match I ever assisted at was in the desert, a short distance from Alexandria—I believe the first ever played there. The pitch was prepared by watering the sand and rolling it until it became a hard cake, leaving it to be baked by the sun into a substance somewhat resembling what is called in India "chunam." As may be imagined, it played just a little "quick," and was rather erratic to boot; in fact, what is known as a bowler's wicket. The scoring was not large on either side, notwithstanding that the ball when hit outside the watered part buried itself deep in the fine sand, and unless carefully "marked down" was lost for some time. Still it was great fun, something new and out of the common, and I remember we finished up afterwards by a race on donkeys to "Bomby's Billar," as the natives call Pompey's Pillar, in which race the donkey was as often on the top of his rider, as the rider on top of the donkey, the softness of the sand preventing any casualty. But this is nothing to do with a frontier match, so I must get on, and having crossed the desert, enjoyed (?) the Red Sea, travelled over the Bhore Ghaut from Bombay, passed through the vicissitudes of the railway and the dák, I find myself at Peshawur. *Apropos* of the "dák," no one who has not tried it can realise its awful discomfort, especially if the road is bad, the floor of your "gharee" (carriage) at all inclined to be "nubbly," or if you are not provided with sufficient wraps and "reizais" (quilts) to act as fenders and save concussions. The machine has been so often described in books of Indian travel that most people are familiar with it; those who are not, must imagine a cross between a bathing machine and a four-wheeler, with the space between the seats boarded over. On this you prepare your bed and wedge yourself in as tightly as possible, springs being at a premium. To this box are harnessed two ponies, which generally refuse to start until a fire of straw is lighted underneath their bellies. Once off they gallop all the stage, and the result is (if the wheels keep on) that the inmate of the vehicle spends his time flying about between the roof and the floor, with an occasional visit to either side, consequently at the end of the journey he presents an artistic symphony in blue.

Some years ago an arrangement was made with the Frontier Force to play Peshawur. It was to be a three days' match, and the Frontier Eleven were to be "put up" amongst us. Few grounds in England are better, if as good as the one at Peshawur, though it does not come up to the cricket field at Calcutta, which is the best in the world, some acres in extent, and as level as a billiard table all over. However, no pains were spared to get a good wicket, and for a week beforehand the energetic secretary might be seen superintending the work of watering, rolling, &c.; and on the day of the match the pitch was perfection. Our opponents arrived about 11 o'clock and were at once seized upon and billeted. I had under my charge C—, their fast bowler, and my instructions from our captain were to see that he had enough to drink at dinner, which, however, he himself took care should be the case, thereby saving me the trouble. Unfortunately his bowling next day was just as fast and just as straight, though not particularly effective. They won the toss, and elected to go in, commencing with two steady bats, who gave us a deal of trouble before one was run out by a lucky fluke. Then came in a slogger, who proceeded to crack our bowling all over the place, to the delight of the natives who had assembled to witness the game. Not that they understood much about it; but it was a "tomasha" (sete) so they were bound to be present. One gentleman wished he had never come I imagine. He was the magistrate's "moonshee" or clerk, and, like all his countrymen whose lines are cast in pleasant places, extremely fat and well liked. His vanity was excessive, and the way he prided himself on his English, and thanked his gods he was not one of the common herd who sat on their haunches and ate rice like dogs, delicious. He had been making himself particularly officious and informing everyone that "The Sahib struck ball very fine, make much play. Arree dheko" (look there), when a square leg hit caught him in the centre of his—well if he had worn such a thing one would have said his waistcoat—and doubling him up completely, rather altered his opinion of "the Sabib striking ball very fine." It was not till the telegraph showed 112 runs that we managed to dispose of the swiper, he having made 72 off his own bat. Following him came one of the stoutest individuals I have ever seen, but active as a cat withal. He was evidently the comic man of the side, and rather disconcerted our bowler B— by going up to him and shaking hands, as he said, "to show there was no ill-feeling." The first ball he cut for two, and the second he played forward for what would have been one, had not his partner "collided" with him in the middle, thereby sending himself on to his back. To see the way our fat friend turned tail and scuttled for his wicket, leaving his pal lying on the ground with all the wind knocked out of him, was simply killing. B— could hardly put the stumps down for laughing. It was astonishing, too, the amount of refreshment that he managed to consume during his innings. After every other over they had to send out from the pavilion some B. and S., or brandy pawnee. However, he was eventually stumped, and at last the whole side were out for 289—a hottish score to go in against. After the regulation interval, we sent in A—, who was one of the most persistent sticks that could well be imagined. You might bowl what you liked—slows, half-volleys, or at his legs; every ball met the same fate—blocked dead. With him was "associated" our wicket-keeper and hitter, V—, and before they were parted they had run up 86, of which A— had contributed seven. To cut matters short, when stumps were drawn for the evening our score stood—242, six wickets, last man 14.

After a welcome tub, we all met at dinner, a meal to which everybody was prepared to do justice. I am sorry to say that the black pool afterwards was not a very brilliant exhibition, and in some cases the chalking of a cue was an almost insurmountable difficulty, notably in the case of the comic man, who, after making a long speech on the angles of incidence and reflection (which he called "anglissidence and flexionsh"), during the delivery of which he kept everybody waiting for the stroke, eventually subsided into oblivion, his head resting on his tumbler o' B. and S.

Next morning we were up betimes to work off the "effects," and at noon we continued our innings, which ended for 298—9 runs in advance of our adversaries. Their second innings yielded the still larger score of 326, and we were pretty well tired out by the time the last wicket fell. If possible, the dinner was more festive than that of the preceding evening, and two or three were in the position of the man "who put his clothes to bed, and hung himself over the back of the chair." When we com-

menced next morning the chances looked decidedly against Peshawur. Our first wicket fell for 6 runs, but the Frontier team had been so well "nursed" that their fielding was very mild, and when the telegraph showed eight wickets for 300, leaving two wickets to go down and 18 runs to make, the excitement was tremendous. Even the damaged magistrate's clerk began to assert himself again, and the cheers of the whole garrison, who had turned out *en masse*, spurred us on to victory. Our ninth wicket was bowled neck and heels at 314, and with fear and trembling our forlorn hope, W—, walked out to receive the last ball of the over. The roar that went up when he cracked it well over the bowler's head for 4, and thereby won the game, might have been heard at Cabul.

Thus ended one of the best matches I ever played, in which no less than 1,231 runs were made, and as we assembled to speed our parting guests with three hearty cheers, all felt quite sorry that the match was over, and that we were losing such a lot of real good fellows.

BAGATELLE.

## TURFIANA.

We shall soon be once more among the yearlings of the season, and holding sweet counsel with managers and owners concerning their young buds of promise. Already the programme of summer sales is pretty well settled, and it is rumoured that Mr. Ellam intends anticipating Mr. Hume Webster with a sale at the Warren on the Derby week Saturday. Yearlings, we fancy, invariably both look and sell better at home in the retirement of their native paddocks than after a long railway journey in the hot weather, and subsequent changes of air, food, and quarters. Mr. Ellam has never been particularly fortunate at Newmarket, but for this in some degree he has to thank the line he chose to adopt, of declining to sell without reserve. On the next occasion, we understand, this policy is to be reversed, and we are only astonished that the owner of Marshal Scott has taken so long to realise the fact, that this is only fair to himself and likewise to purchasers. Foolish mystery and coqueting on the part of other breeders has been the means of alienating public patronage in more than one case we could mention, and though Mr. Ellam has invariably been most open as to the prices at which he intended to part with his yearlings, the public *will* suspect and hesitate unless they know the sale to be a genuine one. Breeders who are also owners of horses, will, we feel sure, excuse us for saying that their double capacity is frequently the cause of indifferent prices, as buyers not unnaturally come to the conclusion that they are intended to take the sweepings, while the pick of the basket go into training for their producer. However, we hope Mr. Ellam may be in the proud position of having attained the height of a sportman's ambition by winning the Derby with Marshal Scott, and may thus have the opportunity of declaring that, having effected this, he has turned his attention to breeding only, when we will venture to say his young scions of Ethus and Van Amburgh will go like wildfire. The Saturday before Ascot will, of course, be devoted to Marden Deer Park, and upon the same day in the next week the exodus of all sporting London to Cobham takes place, when Mr. Bell will show us his first batch of Blue Gowns, and some by Wild Oats and others of the Cobham fathers, which will be found fully equal to former samples. We hope to be among these young hopefuls before long, now that the "winter of our discontent" seems to be overpast; but we have seen quite enough to convince us that a capital average might be expected. There are still two June Saturdays remaining, and one of these will, we presume, be occupied according to custom by the Royal sale at Hampton Court, where Stevens will be able to show a very satisfactory "salvage" from the foals of last year, so many of which fell victims to the malady which as yet have spared us its ravages this season. Whether or not there is to be the usual field day at Middle Park, we have not yet been informed, but there must be plenty of "remnants" from the sale of last autumn, and we shall expect to see people streaming up the avenue as usual some fine Saturday in the leafy month. Then will come the July week, with its daily—or rather bi-daily—sales, in which Lady Emily Peel, Messrs. Chaplin, Waring, Everett, Graham, and other well-known breeders will figure as usual, and we shall wind up the summer season at Sandgate, where Mr. Gibson offers two score of shapely youngsters to the racing public, the acquaintance of which we hope shortly to make. Doncaster we shall not venture to anticipate just yet, but as yet none of the "great guns" among breeders have given up the game, and the Enfield batch of youngsters is the only one we are likely to miss from the "magic circle" during the coming season.

In connection with the Derby, Rayon d'Or is the horse on which we propose to take up our parable this week, and a very difficult customer will this half-brother to Chamant be found to deal with. Like the last-named horse, and like his dam, the now famous Araucaria, Rayon d'Or cannot be described in glowing terms so far as looks are concerned, and the first judgment which must naturally be passed upon him would be far from complimentary to his pretensions. He must infallibly strike the most casual of observers as angular, high on the leg, narrow, and a star-gazer to boot, having the ewe neck so frequently associated with staying powers of a doubtful order. Still there was just a chance of his growing out and fining down, and his limbs are full of bone, sound all round, and capitally shaped. It was "upstairs" where he most probably needed improvement; but we doubt if he can ever fill the eye with those impressions of symmetry usually associated with the best horses of their day. Rayon d'Or was a mere baby last year, a loose, ungainly, sprawling colt, and we must take leave to doubt whether Jennings went quite the right way to do him justice, though, as a rule, the Phantom Cottage trainer is not famous for "forcing" backward two-year-olds. In colour Rayon d'Or resembles Flageolet, but he has plenty of size and scope about him, more than his sire, and the same tough, wiry-looking legs and feet. His form, on more occasions than one, was "respectable," but we require something more than respectability to get through the great struggle at Epsom, where, we should say, the course will not be particularly well suited to Rayon d'Or, who may be all abroad at the turns. Giving him every credit for running gamely and well more than once, and making all allowances for his backwardness, we cannot, nevertheless, fancy Rayon d'Or, because he doesn't look like a Derby horse, and we should say it is long odds against his ever being walked up to Harry Hall's studio for introduction into the gallery of *Baily's* Turf celebrities.

The anxiously awaited acceptances for the Spring Handicaps have made their appearance, and doubtless we shall soon hear of attempts being made at speculation on the chief events on the Carholme and at Epsom. Fielders ought to have an unusually rosy time of it even if the frost fails to put another veto upon training operations for the nicest calculations must be seriously affected by the state of preparation in which horse will be sent to the post. Those of the Kaleidoscope stamp will be suited by the "prohibitive" weather lately in force; but woe to those which, like Jeshurun, have waxed fat and well-liking during the recess. Looking at the list of "ayes," the proportion to those which have "respectfully declined" may be pronounced as about the average, and it will be seen that the Grand National has secured the best acceptance. Next to that race, the ever popular City and

Suburban shows the boldest front; while the Metropolitan, *per contra*, continues upon the down line, and we shall not be surprised to hear of its ultimate removal from the Epsom programme, and the substitution of something more likely to strengthen Wednesday's card. The big race at Northampton holds its own fairly well, but the days of its importance have long since been numbered, and the thoughts of owners are turned more in the direction of the Spencer Plate and St. L. Liz Handicap.

Mr. Houldsworth had not been particularly fortunate with Lioness, the mare having been rather a shy breeder of late. She will be remembered as one of the grandest matrons at the stud; though her stock, as a rule, have been rather on the small side, but most of them have stayed well, and with Lady of Lyons it was thought Mr. Merry might have won the Oaks, had not the preference been given to Sunshine, who was palpably short of work. King of the Forest was, however, her trump card, and the best horse at a distance at Russley since the days of Thormanby.

Falmouth is the latest addition to the ranks of "walkists," but his backers need be under no serious apprehensions, seeing that there is plenty of time to get him round in the three months between now and the Derby, and it may be accounted lucky that splints did not envelop themselves at a later period, when his final touches of training might have been interfered with. Falmouth, however, is one of the fleshy sort, requiring a good deal of work to keep him under, and Porter will doubtless be glad to begin with him as soon as possible now that the weather is open.

With reference to certain remarks of ours relative to the prices charged for keep of mares at the various breeding centres, it has been pointed out to us that considerable reductions from the preposterous tariff in force last season have been made by more than one breeder, and we note that more reasonable demands are now made at Baumber Park, Neasham, Finstall, Beenham, and other head-quarters of the "sires of the day." It is only fair that customers should have the advantage of a fall in prices, and as these cannot differ very considerably throughout the country, it is strange to see so many still adhering to charges made upon the scale of those adopted in years of scarcity.

Great consternation appears to have been caused in France by the action of the Jockey Club in refusing to recognise at the meetings under their control the claims of horses which have run at any of the "gate meetings" in the neighbourhood of Paris and elsewhere. As the subject has been treated of fully elsewhere, we need not enter into the merits of the case; but it would appear that the authorities are in earnest, and that after the present year, owners of racehorses will have to choose "under which king" to serve. "Legitimacy" is an old cry in France, but we fancy in the present case it may have been a little overstrained, and that an unpleasant clashing of interests will be the result of the recent edict.

SKYLARK.

## STUD NEWS.

**THE STUD COMPANY (LIMITED)**, Cobham, Surrey.—On February 5th the Stud Company's Queen of the Chase, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to him again; ditto Eva, a filly by Flageolet, and will be put to Wild Oats; 6th, ditto Lady Bountiful, a filly by Carnival, and will be put to Kaiser; 9th, ditto Semiramis, a colt by Wild Oats, and will be put to Craig Millar; 10th, ditto Reine Sauvage, a colt by Blue Gown, and will be put to him again; ditto Matilda, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to him again; 11th, ditto Miss Maner, a filly by Carnival; ditto Tea Rose, a colt by Blue Gown, and will be put to Blair Athol; ditto Atalanta, a colt by Cadet, and will be put to Kaiser; 12th, ditto Catherine, a filly by Blue Gown, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Blue Gown: February 8th, Lord Rosslyn's Euphorbia, in foal to King Lud; 12th, Mr. J. Hume Webster's Nugget, by Marsyas; ditto Rufford Maid, in foal to Sea Saw; Mr. D. Cooper's Flicker, in foal to Macaroni. Arrived to Wild Oats: February 10th, Mr. E. B. Jenkins's Beeswing; 12th, Mr. J. Hume Webster's Retribution. Arrived to George Frederick: February 12th, Mr. H. Willmer's Agile, with foal by Wild Oats; Mr. J. Hume Webster's Venice, in foal to Stratford; Mr. David Cowie's Callembour. Arrived to Kaiser: February 8th, Mr. John Billinghurst's Symmetry, in foal to Wild Oats; 12th, Mr. H. Willmer's Nathalie; Mr. J. Hume Webster's Lady Lina.

**WARRHAM STUD FARM**, Sutton-place, Guildford, Surrey.—On January 29th, Mr. Alexander's Enverness, a ch colt by Thunderbolt; 30th, ditto Mischief, a ch filly by Thunderbolt; February 2nd, ditto Miss Becker, a bay filly by Thunderbolt; ditto Peelite, a bay colt by Cecrops; 6th, ditto Myrna, a ch filly by Thunderbolt; ditto Pillage, a br filly by Sibthorpe; 8th, ditto Suez, a bay filly by Thunderbolt; ditto The Arab's Dam, a bay colt by Sibthorpe; 11th, Lord Portsmouth's Oratova, a ch colt by Thunderbolt. Arrived to Thunderbolt: Mr. Taylor Sharpe's Highland Fling, in foal to Doncaster. The Arab's Dam and Pillage will be put to Sibthorpe again, and all the other mares to Thunderbolt again.

**WOODLANDS STUD** (Mr. Van Haasenbergs), Knitley Station, Consett Branch, North-Eastern Railway, co. Durham.—Mr. Anthony Harrison's Bonnie Koe (dam of South Bank), by Thormanby, a ch filly by Strathconan, and will be put to Macgregor; Cecily Hacket, by Le Marechal, a bay filly, and will be put to Macgregor; Isabel (dam of St. Vincent, 8c), by Hobbie Noble, a br colt by Macgregor, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. Dudley Milner's Queen Bee (dam of Kingsclere) by King Tom; Mr. Milne Walker's Lady Agnes, by Lozenge—Kathilde: also Pardalote (dam of Finesse), by Stockwell; Curtain Lecture, by The Cure; Malpractice, by Chev. d'Industrie. Arrived to Claremont: Mr. Bookton's Romance, by St. Albans out of Speculum's dam: Mr. Van Haasenbergs's Fistum (dam of Mandarin, &c.), by Lambton; Mr. Holmes's Harriet Laws, by Lecturer; Mr. Milne Walker's Percience, by Knowsley; and Maggie Macgregor, by Macgregor out of Activity's dam. Arrived to Argyle: Mr. Hutchinson's Recompense, by Knowsley; and mare by Miner. The subscription to Macgregor is nearly full.

The Ashdown Open Coursing Meeting will take place on Monday, Feb. 24th, and following days, and we would remind our coursing readers that the stakes for the "Craven Cup," "Ashdown Stakes," and the "Uffington Cup" will close and name to the hon. rec'd. at the Red Lion, Lambourne, before 4 p.m., Monday, Feb. 24th. For further particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

**EAU FIGARO**.—The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 5s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—ADVT.

**SOZODONT**.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scurf from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name Sozodont on the label, box, and bottle.—[ADVT.]

**HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES—LAMPLough's PYRETIC SALINE** is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

**PERFECTION**.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favourite and never failing Preparation to Restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour and Lustrous Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and silky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and destructive element to the hair, called Dandruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

**COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS**.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADVT.]



BREAKING UP THE FOX.

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

MR. CARL ROSA has with much adroitness walked the devious and difficult path of English opera with the enthusiasm of a religious fanatic. He has often been molested, his sandals have



been more frequently filled with peas than otherwise, he has often lost his staff and purse. But still the pilgrim of English opera has been steadfast to his object. His present campaign at Her Majesty's Opera House, over against the Haymarket



Pungent criticism upon  
Madame Selina Dolaro.

Theatre, is one that, in consequence of auspicious circumstances, bids fair to be a red-lettered season in his career. The vigorous way in which he, at the very outset, produced novelties in opera was deserving of recognition and sympathy from those who would wish to see the opera in English flourish. The production of

*Piccolino* was looked forward to with much interest, and after its production was treated with almost silent sorrow by the audience then assembled, albeit the majority of critics found that the newcomer was a work of great charm and merit. In its English form at least it presents, or did on the first night, a dreary uninteresting drama, with a few songs and choruses thrown in, generally at the end of each act. As *Piccolino* Miss Julia Gaylord was exceedingly good, but she was overweighed by spoken dialogue, and with the addition of scenes long drawn out in action, this tended to weary a most forgiving audience. Had it not been for the occasional sparkles from Mr. Charles Lyall as *Gerôme Comète*, an amateur artist, I, for one, would have been painfully bored. *Piccolino* having quietly slipped past without attaining the high position that many had speculated for it, the next event of interest to be waited for was the English version of *Carmen*. It was a matter of artistic gossip that Madame Selina Dolaro was about to essay the title rôle, and a difficult task was before this lady. The opera in its original state had sent the town into ecstacy when presented by the Italian Opera. Minnie Hauk and Trebelli had been seen and heard, and talked about, written about, and established, in the character of the wayward gipsy cigarette-maker. Now comes a name well-known in the lists of opéra-bouffe. How could she expect to gain the applause of the section of society which is pleased to term itself "musical?" —a section that does more to damage the chances of musical art more than any other. It was voted by these good folks as the height of impossibility for such a venture to be a success? However, Carl Rosa had armed himself with an excellent adaptation from the pen of Mr. Henry Hersée, a gentleman who is sufficiently advanced in his views to make his libretto not only singable but readable. After the now well-known overture the curtain went up, and disclosed the lively opening scene of *Carmen*. It was not yet time for the majority of the audience to show much interest. They were waiting for Madame Dolaro's fiasco. They very shortly had an opportunity of being disappointed. The *outré* action, the every-

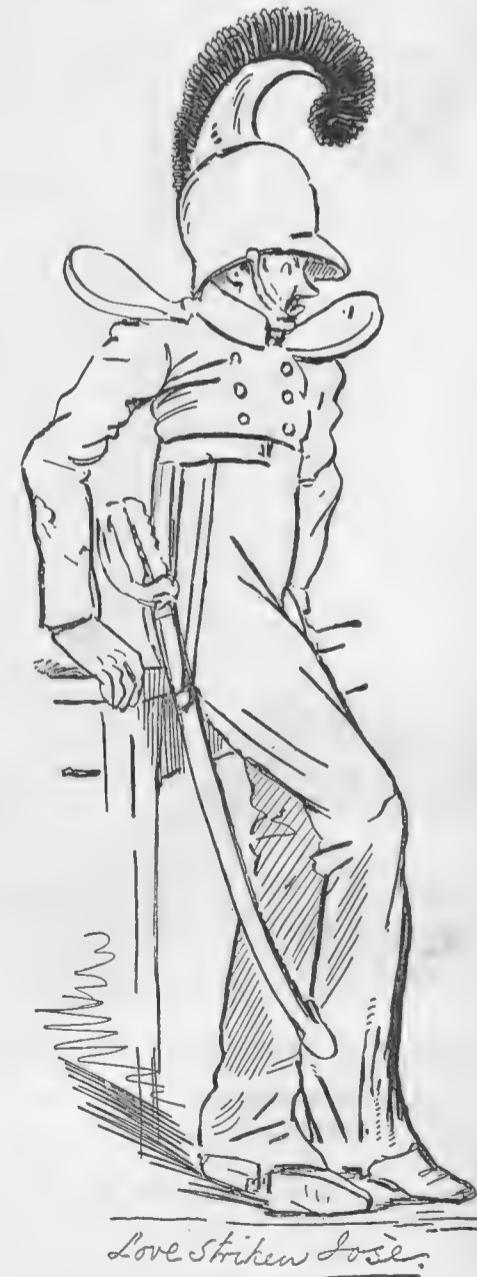


thing that was expected in the shape of rough art from an opéra bouffe singer, was missing. Carmen, though in a smaller voice than would be desirable for a large house like Her Majesty's, immediately fascinated the audience with the sweetness of her song and the delicacy of her acting. As the opera proceeded Madame Dolaro gained more assurance, and with the assurance more grace and artistic finish, and with these tenfold more applause, until presently she was bombarded with bouquets —those sweet impromptu criticisms. Carmen finally died at the entrance of the Plaza de Toros with no doubt a comforting sense that she would wake again to die triumphantly in English opera for many a day. The opera of *Carmen* had the advantage of being handsomely mounted. The dresses also were as good as need be from the leading singers to the back rows of the chorus. The part of José was performed in a rather lackadaisical manner by Signor Leli. I scarcely think that the sergeant of dragoons was so in reality: his love, his recklessness, his jealousies—all suggest a more worthy rival to the bull-fighter, Escamillo, as presented by Mr. Walter Bolton. His scenes with his sister, when she chides him for his neglect of his mother, conducts himself more after the manner of a truant schoolboy than a strong man battling betwixt love and duty. The other characters were cast with care and enacted with no want of ability, the music on the whole being very well rendered by all in the cast. Of the males, Mr. Walter Bolton, in the descriptive song given by Escamillo before entering the Arena of Toros was highly successful. *Carmen* will, no doubt, be the trump card of the Carl Rosa season, and perhaps assist in counterbalancing the less fortunate *Piccolino*. *Rienzi* I have not had an opportunity of hearing, but, by all accounts, it



Rough sketch of an Amateur artist, from a drawing taken from the life by W. Charles Dyall

is well done. Apart from the singing, the mounting is, I believe, very complete. I trust that the success of the present English opera season will put a stop to the snobbish jargon, often started



Love Stricken José.

by people that have little further knowledge of Italian than is gained by passing a hurdy-gurdy man or gazing on the label of a sardine-box, that opera is impossible save in the mellifluous language of Italy.

## OUI DIRE.

IN the midst of all this wordy warfare in Dulwich and Camberwell, concerning the shameless attempt of the Charity Commissioners to do away with the cheap flourishing lower school of God's Gift College, ought not something be said in behalf of the actor's claim on the actor's charity? If there is one thing prominent in the little we know of Edward Alleyn, the honest English player of Queen Elizabeth's glorious days, it is his love of, and pride in, his profession. When the unthrifty heir of whom Alleyn purchased the manor of Dulwich sneered at Alleyn's motives and want of high birth, and called him "a mere player," that player manfully replied: "You tell me of my poor original and of my quality as a player. What of that? If I am richer than my ancestors, I hope to do more good with my riches than ever your ancestors did with their riches. . . . That I was a player I cannot deny, and I am sure I will not. My means of living were honest, and with the poor abilities wherewith God blessed me I was able to do something for myself and my relatives and my friends. Many of them now living at this day will not refuse to own what they owed me. Therefore I am not ashamed!"

The inhabitants of Dulwich, Camberwell, and its vicinity, opposing the new scheme sanctioned by the Charity Commissioners for the disposal of this endowment, feel strongest on the subject of the proposed abolition of the lower school, and the raising of the fees of the upper school to £24 a-year per head. It is contended that if this part of the scheme is carried out in its integrity the poor will be entirely deprived of the advantages which the founder intended they should enjoy. But in the name of "Famous Ned Alleyn," who all his life befriended the distressed and poor, let every honest soul protest against this taking of the poor man's dole to feed the rich man's child. If this sort of things is permitted, we may expect the entire race of Alleyns will in time die out. As it is, bequests of the kind he made are most largely things of ancient date, and in time to come, if Charity Commissioners play such fantastic, unscrupulous tricks, they may become exclusively so.

THE correspondent of a daily contemporary, speaking of the Empress of Austria's visit to Ireland, says:—"On the 4th of last month I wrote you that the Court of St. James and the Austrian Court were engaged in very delicate negotiations respecting the proposed visit of the Empress of Austria to Ireland. I also was enabled to inform you that Prince Teck had been the quasi-diplomatic medium employed to carry on these negotiations, and I further stated that the affair was so tenderly handled in diplomatic circles that I was not in a position to confirm the intelligence as to the ruffled state of feeling existing at both courts. Finally, I ventured to say: 'Knowing that Her Majesty has always carried her point in the past, I feel convinced she will score a victory on this occasion.' I now beg to repeat what I then stated respecting the negotiations, the intermediary services of Prince Teck, and the determination of the Empress Elizabeth to visit Ireland on a hunting tour. The facts are as

I wrote. The Empress has finally made arrangements to leave Vienna on the 25th inst. A special steamer will await her at Dover, and it is just barely possible that Her Majesty will spend a day or two in England prior to her leaving for Ireland. As matters stand at present, the Empress will sail direct from Dover to Ireland. Her stud of horses is already *en route*, and a portion of her personal suite has started to make the necessary arrangements on board the steamer. I would have written earlier in reply to the *cinards* current in certain circles respecting the delicate state of health of her Majesty and the expectant 'interesting event,' but I deemed it wiser to wait for sufficient grounds which might enable me to repudiate all such *petites histoires* and idle gossip. The Empress Elizabeth is as robust and as active as ever, and a 'good field' is as much her ambition this moment as it was six or twelve months ago. How an amicable understanding has been arrived at on the subject, I must refrain from attempting to solve. All I may be allowed to remark is that the Empress has clearly shown that her visit to Ireland could not reasonably be connected with any such ideas as those imagined by certain persons at the Court of St. James. The Court circles in Vienna are much amused at the turn the affair has taken, and the matter has only led to the visit becoming more approved of than otherwise would have been the case. There is some talk of several Hungarian and Austrian nobles taking a trip to Ireland on a hunting tour at the same time as her Majesty. A very high Magyar noble has informed me that he had expressed a wish to form one of a guard of honour to the Empress, but that Her Majesty insisted on her visit assuming the nature of a strictly private visit. The Emperor Francis Joseph is also inclined to regard the visit to Ireland as a matter about which a great deal of useless quasi diplomacy has been undertaken.

WE learn from America that a legal dispute has arisen between Messrs. George S. Gardner, G. W. Halleck, and W. J. Fleming on the one side and Mr. Dion Boucicault on the other. It was determined several weeks ago by the three managers we have named to produce *The Colleen Bawn* at the Olympic Theatre, by its supplementary title, *The Brides of Garryowen*. Mr. Boucicault served them with an injunction issued by Judge Donohue, of the Supreme Court, Circuit. Argument was had on the 30th ult. before Judge Barrett, in the Supreme Court, Chambers, upon a motion to continue the injunction. Mr. Richard O'Gorman appeared for Mr. Boucicault, who, he said, composed the play in dispute in 1860, and never relinquished his rights in it. He had given the right of its performance during certain periods to various persons, under special contracts, but had never sold that right completely. If the defendants in the present case were not permanently enjoined from producing the play, he, the plaintiff, would be injured, and particularly as he had made a special contract for its performance, under the management of Messrs. Poole and Donnelly, at the Grand Opera-house. Mr. O'Gorman claimed that Mr. Boucicault never consented to the publication of the play in book-form except for the convenience of those to whom he might lease the right of production, and that he was consequently protected in his right of property in the play by the common law, as inter-

preted by various decisions in the courts of this State. The counsel for the Defendants, Mr. Edwin G. Davis, claimed that as the play had been published in book-form, the plaintiff's right had lapsed. An affidavit of John L. Delafield, an actor, was submitted in support of the views of the Defendants. Delafield said that in 1864, while manager of a theatre in Wolverhampton, England, he produced "The Colleen Bawn," and Mr. Boucicault endeavoured to stop him. The court in which the case was tried decided that as the play had been published, its author had no right of ownership in it. This affidavit was replied to by an affidavit made by Mr. Boucicault, in which he declared he had never dedicated the play to the use of the public, but had reserved all rights in it to himself. He also stated that in the Wolverhampton proceedings against Delafield, Vice-Chancellor Wood called Delafield "a literary pirate," but said he could grant the plaintiff no relief, because the play had been published. Judge Barrett adjourned the hearing until the following Monday.

THE Irish Kennel Club's second annual show of sporting and other dogs will be held in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, on the first three days of April next. Prizes to the value of £500 will be given and the rules of the Kennel Club observed. Entries will close on the 15th of next month.

LORD GREY DE WILTON has met with a somewhat serious accident in the hunting field which will incapacitate him for the remainder of the season. It appears that while hunting with the Cottesmore hounds, near Melton, this week, his horse failed to clear some high rails and Lord Grey de Wilton was thrown with great violence. Assistance was promptly rendered and he was removed to Melton Mowbray, where it was found that one of his legs was fractured in two places. He is now progressing favourably. An accident also occurred on Wednesday to Sir William Hart Dyke, M.P. He was out hunting with the Fitzwilliam hounds, and near Kimbolton his horse fell as it was jumping a fence and threw him. It is said his collar-bone and one of his ribs are broken. The Hon. R. E. S. Plunkett, M.P. for West Gloucestershire, has met with an accident in the Beaufort hunting field, which will prevent him from attending to his Parliamentary duties for some time. His ankle was injured.

At the Monday Popular Concert, given at St. James's Hall on Monday last, Herr Joachim made his *entrée* for the season. He played, if possible, more splendidly than ever, and was enthusiastically cheered by the large audience.

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters.—Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

RHEUMATISM promptly relieved and cured by a few applications of "Dredge's Heel All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. per bottle.—[ADVT.] DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Thresh, Chemist, High-street, Buxton: "Many cures of Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, and Colds have come under my notice. No other medicine cures so quickly, safely, or pleasantly." Sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]

## ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT in the DESERT.—"Kimberley Diamond Fields, Nov. 27, 1878. Sir,—Allow me to bear testimony to the great value of your Fruit Salt. During active service on the borders of the Kalahari Desert I suffered from a disease arising from the inordinate use of milk and boiled bang-schuita roots (our only food for eight days). I placed myself under the treatment of the Field Surgeon, but without obtaining relief. At the urgent request of Gunner Loewenthal I was induced to try Eno's FRUIT SALT, the first three doses of which gave me instantaneous relief from the flatulence and large discharge of wind, and secured me a good night's rest. By the following morning the fever had left me, my bowels were reduced to their normal size, and in two days I was able to resume my military duties.—I remain, dear Sir, yours very gratefully (signed), Louis Goldsmith, Capt. Griqualand West Lt. Infantry."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT at CYPRUS.—"59, East Winchester-street, South Shields, Jan. 18, 1879. Dear Sir,—I have often intended writing you since my return from England's latest acquisition, Cyprus, about your far famed FRUIT SALT. During my stay on the island, from August to the end of October, 1878, I had fever three times, and found your Fruit Salt to be of great benefit to me. I can specially recommend it for tropical climates.—Yours faithfully, W. Arthur Smith.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT 200 MILES in the BUSH.—"A native of Newcastle left this country for Australia, in search of health, on the 30th September, and reached Adelaide on the 12th November. After wending his way some 200 miles into the bush, he purchased, at a town called Alberry, a bottle of Eno's FRUIT SALT. Who'd have thought it?—Robin Hood fellow."—*The Newcastle Chronicle*, 1879.

SUDDEN CHANGES of WEATHER, Alcoholic Drunks, want of exercise, &c., frequently produce constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, &c., Eno's FRUIT SALT is the best remedy. Unlike other remedies instead of lowering the system, it invigorates it. A gentleman writes:—"I have used Eno's Fruit Salt for six years, and I willingly endorse the statement that Eno's Fruit Salt is imperatively necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. By its use many kinds of food will agree which otherwise would produce wretchedness."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Important to all.—A lady writes:—"Everything, medicine or food, ceased to act properly for at least three months before I commenced taking it; the little food I could take generally punished me or returned. My life was one of great suffering, so that I must have succumbed before long. To me and our family it has been a great earthly blessing."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Invigorating and Invaluable.—"I have used your Fruit Salt for many years, and have verified the statement that it is not only refreshing and invigorating, but also invaluable as giving speedy relief in cases of heartburn, sourness of the stomach, and constipation and its great evils. The thanks of the public are due to you for your unceasing efforts to relieve suffering humanity. Long may you live to be a blessing to the world.—B. Hurst, Ph. D., Vicar of Collyer, St. Thomas Vicarage, Annfield Plain, Lintz-greco, county Durham, March, 1878."

ONE Hundred and Forty Thousand persons every year die unnatural deaths; 280,000 are constantly suffering from actual disease which may be prevented.

TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND are constantly suffering from actual disease which may be prevented. Use Eno's FRUIT SALT. It removes poisonous matter caused by vitiated air, errors of eating or drinking, &c., by natural means. No one is safe without having at hand some efficient means of warding off blood poisons, fevers, &c. After a very patient and careful observation, extending over many years, of the effects of Eno's Fruit Salt, I have not the least hesitation in stating that it is of great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known not a single travelling trunk or portmanteau would be without it.—J. C. Eno.

Caution.—Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked "Eno's Fruit Salt." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

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CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster out of Licence, by Gameboy; limited to thirty mares at 20s. each.

PELEGREINO, brother to Pilgrimage, by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni; limited to sixteen mares at 20s. each.

PAUL JONES, by Buccaneer out of Queen of the Gipsies, by Chancre, her dam, Rambling Katie, by Melbourne out of Phryne, by Touchstone, at 15s. each.

Foaling mares, 20s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week.

Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

At Baumber Park, Near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

CERULEUS (own brother to Blue Gown), by Beadsmap, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, at 15s., Groom's fee included; dams of good winners at 15s. each.

MERRY SUNSHINE, by Thormanby (winner of the Derby), out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), at 10s., Groom's fee included; a few half bred mares at half price. Both these horses are perfectly sound in every respect. Foaling mares at 21s., and barren mares at 18s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the removal of the mares, if required.

Apply to Mr. Taylor Sharpe.

At Moldrop Stud Farm, Richmond, Yorkshire. KING LUD will serve a limited number of Mares at 30s. each. All expenses paid before the mares are removed. Apply J. Trowsdale, as above.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth, Staffordshire. PERO GOMEZ, at 50s. a mare, and 1 guinea the groom. Foaling mares 25s., and barren mares 20s. a week. Apply to Mr. Peter Scott, as above.

At Warchams Farm, Sutton Place, Guildford, three Miles from Woking Station and three from Guildford Station.

THUNDERBOLT.—50 Guineas a Mare.

TIBTHORPE.—20 Guineas a Mare.

SPEAKER.—5 Guineas a Mare. Groom's fee included.

Barren Mares, 20s. per week; Foaling Mares, 25s. per week. All expenses paid before the mares are removed.

Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

At Woodlands, Knutsley, Co. Durham. MACGREGOR (winner of 2,000gs), by Macaroni, at 20s., dams of good winners special terms.

CLAREMONT.—(2nd in Derby) by Blair Athol—Coimbra, exactly same cross as Silvio at 20s., dams of good winners at 15s.

ARGYLE.—(Sire of Glenara, &c.), by Adventurer—Itch by Birdcatcher, at 5s.

Apply to Mr. Haansbergen for full particulars.

At Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush. VEDETTE (sire of Galopin).—A limited number of mares, besides his owner's, at 25 guineas, and 1 guinea the groom.

KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK; the only horse alive out of Pocahontas, the dam of Stockwell. At 25 guineas, and 1 guinea the groom.

CERCOPS by Newcourt (by Sir Hercules) out of Cavriana by Longbow or Mountain Deer—Calcarella by Birdcatcher—Caroline by Drone. He was the fastest horse of his day, and is sire of Vengeresse, Dumbow, Claudius (winner of the York Biennial), and other winners.—At 1 guinea, and 1 guinea the groom.

COSTA, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), at 20s., and 10s. the groom. Subscriptions to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, London, S.W.

At the Glasgow Stud Farm, near Enfield, Middlesex. CLANRONALD, by Blair Athol, out of Iisia, by Newminster, will serve a limited number of mares at 20s. each. Foaling Mares at 25s., and Barren Mares, at 20s. per week. Groom's fee, 1 guinea. All expenses to be paid before the mare is removed.

Clanronald won the Newmarket Criterion, beating Farnese and Springfield. The latter's fee is 100s. Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

At Beenhamb House, Reading Railway Station and Telegrams, Aldermaston.

KING OF THE FOREST, at 30s. CYMBAL, at 25s. The above stallions limited to thirty mares each. Barren mares at 15s. per week, foaling mares at 21s. No groom's fee. Apply to Thos. Cartwright.

COLTS and HORSES BROKEN, easy mouthed and temperate, and exercised by using JOCKEYS of WHALEBONE and GUITA PERCHA, 70s.; hire 2s. a week. Crib-biting Straps, from 2s.; Safety Springs to Reins, 12s.; leg fomenters, from 15s.; Fetlock, Speedy Leg, Hock Knee Boots.

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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

A. J. W.—1. *The Governor of Cyprus* acted at the Theatre Royal, Lincoln's-inn-fields, was written by Mr. John Oldmixon, a contemporary of Pope's, and author of several other plays. 2. We find two of the same name. *The Triumph of Peace* was a masque by James Shirley, and the title of another masque by Robert Dodsley, 1740. The latter was performed at Drury Lane Theatre, set to music by Dr. Arne, to commemorate the signing of a treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle. The former was played by the gentlemen of the four inns of court before the king and queen in the banqueting hall at Whitehall in February, 1633.

J. B. OAKLEY.—Yes. We have ourselves done so in a biographical notice of the late Charles Mathews, which we published directly after his decease. In "Cornelius O'Dowd Upon Men and Women, and Other Things in General," the author says when he was a boy at Florence, "Lord Mulgrave gave his English theatricals, probably never surpassed in the ability of those who figured in them, nor in the subsequent distinction that awaited them in life. Charles Mathews, I believe, made his first appearance on these boards, and, if I mistake not, once played in a piece where three were his fellow-actors who lived to be Secretaries of State in England."

S. E. CROPPER.—Mrs. Mary Chippendale's maiden name was Snowdon. She first played under the name of Seamen, but whether she made her first appearance on the little stage of the Gravesend Theatre, or at Manchester, we cannot tell. She married Mr. Chippendale in 1866, when she was playing at the Haymarket Theatre. We do not know the lady's age.

M. LEVY points out that in our notice of the Sir Moses Montefiore Literary and Art Society's amateur performance we stated that Miss Violet Abrahams played the part Manette, in the *Cloches de Corneville*. This was a mistake. Miss Ida Mansfield played that part. For Misses M. Lowenstark read Miss M. Lowenstark.

R. OLIVER.—*The Bottle* has possibly been performed during the last ten years at some out-lying transpontine theatres, but not at any of the principal houses.

L. BAINES.—Signor Foli is in America, and it is not easy, therefore, to ascertain; but considerably over 6ft. About 6ft. 2in. we fancy.

## MUSICAL.

COLA.—We cannot say whether a pianoforte score of Mr. J. P. Jackson's version of *Rienzi* will be published. Mr. Josiah Pittman's English version, with the German and Italian words also given, is published by Messrs. Schott and Co., Regent-street.

C. J. B.—1. Mdlle. Zare Thalberg is at present residing in Paris. 2. Mr. Frederic Cowen is travelling with the Mapleson Concert party in the provinces. 3. It is not likely that Madame Marie Rose Mapleson will sing at Her Majesty's Opera next season.

W. S. H.—The word is indifferently spelt "barytone," and "baritone," and either spelling may be used. In France it is always spelt "baryton," and this spelling accords with the etymology of the word, which is derived from the Greek "baryo" (heavy), and "tonos" (tone). In the Italian language the letter Y does not exist, and the word is spelt "baritono," which has in England been corrupted into "baritone." The word "barytone" is undoubtedly preferable, and is adopted by the best writers in this country.

A. C.—The "Musette" is a kind of small bag-pipes. The word is also used to designate a certain class of rustic dance-tunes in 6-8 time.

SOPRANO.—Madame Clara Novello (the Countess Gigliucci) was born in London, in the year 1815, and is still living.

T. K.—We place little confidence in the rumour that an Italian version of M. Gounod's *Polyeucte* will be produced in London next season. The work has not been highly successful in Paris, and the subject has been better treated by Donizetti in *I Martiri*, which contains—amongst other gems—the fine duet "Al suon dell'arpa angelica."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A.—1. Grub-street, the haunt of starving poets and poor men of letters, was originally a part of Grape-street, a street leading out of Fore-street, Cripplegate, into Moor-fields, in which the fletchers, bowyers, bowstring-makers, and those who sold everything pertaining to archery anciently used to live. It is noted in old works on London streets as that in which an eccentric and very wealthy charitable man named Henry Webley secreted himself, and lived for forty years unseen by any human being. There is a copy of an old portrait of him in Cassell's "Old and New London." He was a native of Lincolnshire, and inherited a large estate, for the sake of which a younger brother, to whom he had been fondly attached, attempted to murder him. From that time to the day of his death, October 29, 1636, he remained shut up in his house, never allowing anyone to see him, but always ready to use his wealth in aid of the poor, or to serve a good or pious cause. 2. Winchester House and Park, on the Bankside, were sold by Parliament in 1649 for £4,380 8s. 3d. Some fragments of it still remain. It was bounded on the south by beautiful gardens containing statues, fountains, &c., on the north by the river, on the east by the monastery of St. Saviour, and on the west by Alleyne's bear gardens.

G. G.—Abraham Newland, who originated the sham Abraham saying, was cashier to the Bank of England. He died on the 28th of November, 1807. ELOCUTIONIST.—The secret of a clear distinct utterance is in looking after the consonants; the vowels will look after themselves.

A. BARRISTER.—Her Majesty's handwriting used to be of a bold distinct hand, with the letters well formed. What it may now be, we don't know.

A. HAMILTON.—The original MS. of Gray's Elegy—two tattered, discoloured pieces of note-paper—was sold to Mr. Foss for one hundred pounds.

P.—We decline to answer your query, but we can tell you an anecdote. When Sergeant Bettsworth went in a rage to demand if Swift was the author of certain lines holding him up to scorn and ridicule, vowing that he would cut off his ears if he acknowledged them, the witty Dean replied: "Sir, when I was a young man I had the honour of being intimate with some great legal characters, particularly Lord Somers, who, knowing my propensity to satire, advised me when I lampooned a knave or fool never to own it. Conformably to that advice, I tell you I am not the author."

PATER S.—1. The only punctuation sign used by the old printers was the dash, or short line, which was placed perpendicularly, thus |, and for this the comma was afterwards substituted, to which the colon was in due time added for sentences apparently but not really complete, as "showing that there was more to come." Up to 1500 these were the only punctuation signs in use amongst printers. The Bible of 1502 is without a semicolon, which was not adopted until after the publication of Charles Butler's "English Grammar" in 1633. 2. James and John Harper, before they became publishers, were journeymen printers in New York.

G. M. O.—James Smith lived in Craven-street, Strand, as the following well-known colloquy in playful verse records. Smith wrote:—

At the top of my street the attorneys abound,  
And down at the bottom the barges are found:  
Fly, Honesty, fly to some safer retreat,  
For there's craft on the river and craft in the street.

To which Sir George Rose replied:—

Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,  
From attorneys and barges? od rot 'em!  
For the lawyers are just at the top of the street  
And the barges are just at the bottom.

TENCH.—A woman. Mdlle. Louise de la Rame.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

## RACING IN FRANCE.

CLERKS of courses and promoters of race meetings in this free and happy land may thank their lucky stars that their lot has not been cast under the more severe regime of the sporting authorities in France, who would seem lately to have shown their teeth after a most unmissable fashion. In England, so long as the rather mild "standing orders" of the Jockey Club, relating to the minimum of added money per diem, and certain limitations as to lengths of courses, are complied with, speculators in racing ventures are at liberty to please themselves as regards the conduct of their meetings, and may hold them anywhere and everywhere, in suburban or country districts, and manage them pretty much after their own fashion in the matter of gate money, admissions to stands, and those fruitful sources of profit—the everlasting selling races. It is nobody's business to inquire whence are derived the sinews of war, and there is practically no limit whatever to the number of meetings which may be crowded into the season between March and November. It is the pride and boast of certain of these racing caterers that their mission is to find occupation and emolument for the lower classes of horses—animals which have gradually sunk lower and lower in the scale of respectability, and which are at last condemned, for their sins, to hurdle and flat racing over the mildest of courses, the visitors to and associations of which are often of the least desirable description. To such an extent had these travesties on sport, until quite recently, been carried that we should not have been surprised to read any morning the announcement of an Agricultural Hall Derby or Circus St. Leger; nor have we the slightest doubt that such an exhibition would have been as fulsomely praised and as warmly defended as any of the periodical "ramps," now happily becoming less common, which found favour in the eyes of so-called sporting enthusiasts, whether as personal supporters of the meetings, or as their panegyrist and apologists in the Press.

In France, however, there exists a totally different view on the subject of meetings of the description to which we have alluded; and the Jockey Club, who endow as well as regulate the more important meetings, have recently taken a course of action whereby a heavy blow and sore discomfiture will be dealt to the numerous smaller racing ventures promoted and managed by those outside the pale of the club. The manifesto of the committee is set out at length in the *Bulletin Officiel*, or French Racing Calendar, and we are indebted to our contemporary, the *Sportsman*, for a reprint of this somewhat remarkable document, which has naturally caused great surprise and dissatisfaction among the entrepreneurs who have hitherto sucked no small advantage out of their gate-money speculations. The complaint is made that whereas "aided by grants from the State and local authorities" the Jockey Club has been enabled to offer breeders a sum of £72,000, renouncing all individual profit, and claiming "no other recompense than their pains and care," private speculators have virtually only given the paltry sum of £3,620 as prizes to no less than 94 flat races organised in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris. This is the gist of the grievance, and we commend to the study of our readers the following rather significant sentence referring to the "recent and rapid extension of race meetings, organised as a kind of speculation." They say: "We could only express our satisfaction at the extension of these undertakings if we were able to consider them as useful auxiliaries to aid our society in carrying out the object in view. Such, however, is not the case. Without doubt they show in public, as we do, horses and jockeys, but here all resemblance ceases." Comparisons are then instituted between the procedure of the society and that of these private speculators, but we need not follow up this portion of the manifesto, seeing that the divergence in methods of administration is one which might naturally be expected to exist under the system which prevails in France of the sinews of racing war being furnished "by aid of grants by the State and local authorities."

Nothing of the kind of course exists in this country, the nearest approach to a similar state of things being the annual grant from Parliament of money for Queen's Plates, a mere drop in the ocean as compared with the added money forthcoming from the funds at the disposal of clerks of courses and managers, and supplied by them out of revenues contributed by the public. The string harped upon by the memorialists, if we may so term the compilers of the manifesto now under discussion, is of course the improvement in the breed of horses, the avowed aim and object of the "Society for the Encouragement of

Breeding," and after an analysis of the numbers, distances, and conditions of the races held outside the pale of endowments from local and Government sources, the same chord is struck by their opponents, who say, "All idea of the improvement of the hippic race disappears; the horses are merely 'supers,' to whom the lowest possible retribution is made. The best programme is that which gathers together, at a minimum cost, a sufficient number of horses, good, bad, or indifferent; the best race is that in which

the most money is wagered and the maximum amount of betting takes place; the best horse the one which brings most money to the list-keepers and the largest surplus over the amount for which it is entered to be sold into the pockets of the enterprising speculator." We are not, of course, prepared fully to endorse the truth of the above remarks in their entirety, nor are we about to presume the same applicable to our racing system in this country; but there is certainly a vast deal of solid truth underlying the report generally, which concludes with the recommendation that a veto should be placed upon horses competing at these "unofficial" gatherings against their qualification to be entered in races subsidised by the "Society of Encouragement." This at least is the pith of the resolutions submitted, and we learn that these have been adopted to the extent that henceforth the "Committee will disqualify from running in any races under its direction horses that have run at meetings not advertised in the *Bulletin Officiel des Courses*, from which will be excluded all announcements of meetings got up for profit, or at which a part of the receipts is furnished by a charge levied on the list keepers." This method of procedure at first sight appears exceedingly harsh and arbitrary, and is quite contrary to our notions of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" so frequently enunciated by our French neighbours. But, as matters stand in that country, we cannot altogether wonder at the providers of the sinews of war, in the shape of large grants of added money, kicking against a system which advocates exactly opposite tactics in its promotion of race-meetings. One set of men are bent upon encouraging the best horses at their own expense, and with no idea of private emolument, while the opposing faction are content merely to make racing a handle for filling their pockets, and would be content to play the game with stuffed horses and dumb jockeys if they dared so far to trespass on public indulgence. On this side of the Channel legislation in the direction alluded to would be impossible, for reasons obvious to any one who will compare the two systems; nor indeed if it were possible are we certain that such sweeping measures would meet with public approval. But we go most heartily with the memorialists in their endeavours to raise the character of sport, and to extinguish once for all those wretched burlesques and travesties on racing, got up solely with the view of enriching their promoters, and without the most remote suggestion of an intention to bring together horses for the sake of improving the breed. The memorialists may rest assured that the principle of their protest is one which will command itself to all true lovers of racing, and believers in its capabilities for developing equine excellence, and we shall be curious to see what the upshot of the matter will be, and how the final separation of the sheep from the goats is to take place. For the solution of this difficulty we must of course wait for another year, but the action lately taken is of so extraordinary and decisive a character that we are surprised at the very little attention and comment it has excited and provoked.

## LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY  
Adapted expressly for this paper.

By HOWARD PAUL.

## CHAPTER X.

It was a dark, freezing night; the sky was laden with clouds, and a furious wind was shaking the snow off the black branches of the trees in the Champs Elysées. Paul rushed in feverish haste, without aim or purpose, solely bent upon escape. But, when he had gone some distance the cold night-air restored him to consciousness. Then he became aware that he was still in evening dress, bare-headed, and that he had left his hat and overcoat in Miss Denman's house. He remembered too that Count Saint-Roch was waiting for him there. What would he say or think? Paul was in despair. He had been warned of Miss Denman's artifices, had caught her that very evening in the act of deceiving others. And in spite of all this he had let himself be entrapped by the fascinations of this wonderful woman. Her beseeching voice and beautiful eyes had made him forget everything, even his beloved Gabrielle. Recalling thus to his memory all she had told him in her sweet, low voice, he asked himself if she had not really been slandered. She had said she did not love Count Saint-Roch with real love, and Paul trembled as he remembered certain words in which, under almost transparent allusions, the secret of her heart had betrayed itself. His heart throbbed wildly, yet he repeated, "But what is that to me? Can I love her, I?" Drawn by an invincible power, Paul returned to the house, and hidden in a deep doorway on the opposite side, he watched the windows, wondering how Miss Denman had explained his precipitous flight. Suddenly he heard the noise of bolts undrawn, and doors opened; the entrance gate was thrown open, and a brougham with a single horse left the house, and drove rapidly down the Champs Elysées.

At the moment when the brougham turned, the light of the lamp fell full upon the inside, and Paul thought he recognised, nay, he did recognise, Miss Denman. He felt as if he had received a blow.

"She has deceived me!" he exclaimed, grinding his teeth with rage, "she has fooled me! I will follow her; I will see where she is going at four o'clock in the morning."

Unfortunately the coachman drove along the avenue as fast as the horse could go, and the animal was a famous trotter, chosen by Sir Peabody, who was an amateur in horse-flesh. But Paul was agile, and the hope of revenge gave him doubled strength. His elbows close to his body, managing his breath and measuring his steps, he succeeded in not only following the carriage, but in actually gaining ground. When Miss Denman reached the Place de la Concorde he was only a few yards behind; but there the coachman touched the horse, which suddenly increased its pace, crossed the square, and trotted down the Rue Royale. Paul was on the point of giving up the pursuit, when he saw a cab coming towards him from the Madeline, the driver fast asleep upon his box. He threw himself before the horse, and cried out

as well as he could, "Driver, a hundred francs for you, if you follow that brougham!" But the driver thought it was a drunken joke, and replied furiously, "Get out of the way, or I shall drive over you!" He whipped his horses and Paul would have been driven over, if he had not promptly sprung aside.

When he looked up the brougham was nearly out of sight. To attempt overtaking it now would be folly, and he returned slowly to his lodgings and threw himself into an arm-chair, determined not to go to bed till he had found a way to extricate himself from the effects of his egregious stupidity. He had not closed his eyes for forty-eight hours, and if the heart can suffer indefinitely, our physical strength is limited. Thus he fell asleep, dreaming that he was just discovering the mystery of Miss Denman.

It was bright day when Paul awoke, chilled and stiffened, for he had not changed his clothes when he came home, and his fire had gone out. His first impulse was wrath against himself.

Now, his folly seemed to him so utterly inexplicable that if he had but tasted a glace of lemonade at Miss Denman's house he would have thought they had given him one of those drugs which set the brain on fire. But he had taken nothing, and, even if he had, was his madness less real for that?

He was thus meditating when his servant entered with his hat and overcoat on his arm.

"Monsieur," he said, with a malicious smile, "you have forgotten these things at the house where you spent the evening yesterday. A servant on horseback brought them with this letter. He is waiting for an answer."

Paul took the letter. The writing was small and delicate. He tore open the envelope and it exhaled a penetrating perfume that he remembered inhaling in Miss Denman's boudoir.

The letter was from her.

"Is it really true, Paul," she wrote, "that you are mine, and that I can count upon you? You told me so to-night. Do you still remember your promise?"

Paul was petrified. Miss Denman had told him she was imprudence personified; here was a proof of it. Could not this note become a weapon against her? Did not these lines admit an extraordinary interpretation? Sitting down, he was beginning a reply when an idea struck him. What! Caught in her first trap! Was he to risk falling into a second? He turned to his servant, and said, "Tell the man I am out, and get me a cab!" and once more alone, he murmured, "Yes, it is much better to leave her in uncertainty. She cannot suspect that her midnight drive enlightened me. She thinks me still in the dark: let her believe it."

Disregarding the urgent work lying on his writing table, he drove to consult his friend. Eugène received him rather coldly. But Paul saw nothing, and sinking heavily into a chair, he said, "I went to Miss Denman. She made me promise all she wished. I cannot imagine how it came about!" and Paul narrated his interview with Miss Denman, and described the letters written by Masson and her assurance that De Périer's brother remained her friend. When Paul repeated that Miss Denman did not love Count Saint-Roch, Eugène laughed ironically.

"Of course," he said, "and then she told you she had never loved, having sought her ideal in vain. And then she described this phoenix, until you thought to yourself, 'why she means me!' She has thrown herself at your feet; you have raised her up; she has fainted, she has sobbed in your arms; and you have lost your head."

Paul stammered, "But how did you know?"

Eugène did not look him in the face, but replied, in a tone of bitter sarcasm,—

"I guess it. Did I not tell you I had been her victim? She has only one card in her hand, but that is enough. It always makes a trick."

To have been deceived, even rendered ridiculous, is a misfortune we confess to ourselves, though that is unpleasant, but to be laughed at by another is more than we can easily bear. De Najac replied rather impatiently,—

"If I have been Miss Denman's dupe I am so no longer," and he described the incident of the brougham. M. Noriac mastered his confusion so promptly that Paul did not perceive it.

"You think I am absurd," said Paul. "But explain why Miss Denman should point out the means to ascertain everything about her. It's only ten days to the United States."

"You think of taking a trip to America?" Noriac exclaimed in bewilderment. "Really, *mon ami*, you are too innocent to live. Don't you see Miss Denman's plan. She thought to herself, 'Here is an excellent young man, who is excessively in my way. A little change of air would do him good, and thereupon she suggested to you this nice little trip across the sea.'"

"Whether I go or stay, the wedding will take place. Consequently she has no interest in my absence. No, Eugène, there is something else beneath. The note she has just sent me proves it."

"What! has she written to you?"

"Yes: it is that cursed letter that brings me here. Read it, and see if you can make anything out of it."

"Incomprehensible!" he said, turning deadly pale. "She who never writes! If she should really love you, what would you say?"

Paul looked disgusted. "It is not kind of you, Eugène, to mock me," he replied. "I hate and despise her; and you know how dearly I love Mdlle. Saint-Roch."

"Hate is akin to love; but what did you say in reply to this note? Nothing? You did well, and for the future pursue the same plan. Don't say a word. For the present, the most important thing to find out is how your flight was explained. We may be able to draw our conclusions from what has been said on the subject."

"I'll go at once, and try to ascertain," said Paul, bidding adieu to his friend. He hurried down to his cab, and drove to Count Saint-Roch's hotel. The Count was at home and alone, walking up and down in the most excited manner. When he saw Paul, he paused, and said in a rough tone,—

"Ah, you have come, M. de Najac. You have acted well!"

"I, Count? How so?"

"How so? Who else overwhelmed poor Miss Denman with insults at the very moment when she was trying to explain everything to you? Who else, ashamed of his own conduct, ran away, not daring to re-appear at her house?"

What had the Count been told? Certainly not the truth.

"And do you know, M. de Najac, what has been the effect of your brutality? Miss Denman was seized with such a terrible attack of hysteria that they were obliged to send the carriage for the doctor. I could hear her cries and sobs in the drawing-room. She could get no rest until after eight o'clock, and then Mrs. Thorpe, taking pity on my anxiety, allowed me to see her, sleeping like a child."

Paul listened, stupefied by the impudence of Mr. Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe, and hardly able to understand the Count's astonishing credulity. Should he speak? But the Count would never believe him, and he could never dare to tell the whole truth or show that letter which he had in his pocket. Still he tried to excuse himself, and began,—

"I would not insult a woman—"

The Count interrupted him rudely, saying,—

"Spare me any excuses. I mean to make an end to this absurd opposition. I have just sent for my daughter to tell her the day the wedding is fixed."

He paused, for Gabrielle came in.

Greeting Paul with a sweet glance, she walked up to the Count and offered him her forehead to kiss, but he repulsed her unkindly.

"I sent for you, my daughter, to inform you that to-morrow fortnight I shall marry Miss Denman," he said.

Gabrielle turned pale. The Count continued,—

"Under these circumstances it is proper that you should know her who is to stand in the place of your mother. I shall, therefore, present you to her this afternoon."

The young girl shook her head gently, and then said, "No!" The Count became scarlet. He exclaimed,—

"Then you hate, you envy Miss Denman?"

"I, father? Why should I? I only know that a woman who is talked of all over Paris ought not to become Countess Saint-Roch. I owe it to the sacred memory of my mother to protest by all the means in my power."

"So!" the Count stammered with rage, "It was you who sent M. Paul de Najac to insult Miss Denman in her own house! But I understand! You fear to lose some of your inheritance!"

Stung by this insult, Gabrielle approached her father.

"It is that woman who wants your fortune, father; she does not love you!"

He became livid, but his excessive rage gave him a false calmness. He said coldly to his daughter, "You are a wretch!" And as she burst into tears, terrified by his look, he added,—

"No scenes, if you please. At four o'clock I shall call for you. If I find you dressed, and ready to accompany me to Miss Denman's house, well! If not, M. de Najac has been here for the last time in his life; and you will never—do you hear?—never be his wife. Now I leave you to reflect."

He went out, closing the door with such violence that the whole house seemed to shake. Paul shook off the stupor of despair, and taking Gabrielle's hand, he asked her,—

"You have heard what your father said. What will you do?"

"What I said I would do, whatever it may cost me."

"But could you not?"

"Yield?" exclaimed the young girl with grieved surprise. "Would you really dare to give me such advice,—you who overwhelmed Miss Denman with insults?"

He wrung his hands in despair. What punishment for a moment's forgetfulness. He could say nothing, and Gabrielle gloried in his silence.

"You see," she said, "if your heart condemns me, your reason and your conscience approve my decision."

"You will understand my decision better," she continued, "if I tell you of a strange discovery that I have made. This morning a gentleman called who said he had a business appointment with Count Saint-Roch of the utmost importance. When he was told that my father was out he became angry, and spoke so loud that I came to see what was the matter. When he saw me he begged me to take charge of the rough copy of a legal paper, which he had been directed to prepare secretly, and which he requested me to hand to the Count. Carrying the paper upstairs I happened to look at it. Do you know what it was? The prospectus of a new company, of which my father was to be chairman. I saw at the top of the paper, 'Count Saint-Roch, director-in-chief,' followed by all his titles and orders."

Paul could no longer doubt. He said,—

"We knew that they would try to obtain possession of your father's fortune, and now we have the proof of it."

Gabrielle sighed, but with tears in her eyes she said,—

"Dear Paul, this is the last time, perhaps for years, that we shall ever be alone together. Let us think of the future. You must direct your letters to my maid. I can depend upon her. Her name is Sophie Toison. If any grave necessity should arise, and it is very important that I should see you, Sophie will bring you the key of the little garden-gate, and you will come." Hand in hand they watched the dial, so soon to mark the hour of their parting. Four o'clock struck, and the Count reappeared.

"Well, Gabrielle?" he asked.

"My decision remains unchanged, father."

The Count was probably prepared for this reply, for he controlled his rage, and drawing from his pocket a photograph, he handed it to his daughter, saying,—

"Here is Miss Denman's portrait. Look at it, and think whether she, to whom God has given so charming a face, can have a bad heart."

Gabrielle examined the picture, and then, returning it to her father, she said, coldly,—

"This woman is beautiful beyond conception. Now I can understand this new company of which you are to be chairman."

Count Saint-Roch winced, and cried in a stern voice,—

"Miserable girl! you dare insult an angel!"

Mad with fury, he raised his hand, and would have struck his daughter, but Paul caught his wrist in an iron grasp. The Count turned upon him a look of concentrated hatred, but, recovering his self-control, he freed himself, and, pointing to the door, he said slowly,—

"M. de Najac, I order you to leave this house instantly, and I forbid you ever to return. Go!"

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 258, Jan. 4, 1879.)

#### THE LATE TOM HUMPHREY.

We have received an extremely interesting memorial in the shape of a photograph of the tombstone erected to the memory of Tom Humphrey, the Surrey cricketer. The inscription runs: "Beneath this cross lie the remains of Thomas Humphrey, who in his day was one of the best cricketers in England. Born at Mitcham, Surrey, January 16th, 1839. Died, September 30th, 1878." Men of all classes and of all countries, who wished to perpetuate his memory, volunteered to bear the cost of this tomb, the maximum subscription being limited to one shilling, for the purpose of showing how many there were. Messrs. Gillian and Son, Dorking, erected a plain substantial monument; and, as stated in the inscription, the cost was literally borne by men of all classes—from peers to policemen. A more eloquent testimonial to the estimation in which poor Tom Humphrey was held could not have been obtained.

AT Stratford-on-Avon the arrangements for the inaugural festival, which will extend over ten days, are making steady progress, the council having met with a cordial response from several of the most eminent Shakespearean actors. Mrs. Theodore Martin (Miss Helen Faust) has consented on this occasion to emerge from her retirement, and take the part of Beatrice on the opening night. Mr. Barry Sullivan will play Benedick, and has moreover entered so enthusiastically into the spirit of the occasion that he has offered to assist during the whole of the festival, and the council will not only have his invaluable services on the stage, but also the benefit of his knowledge and experience. It was hoped that Mr. Henry Irving could also have assisted at the festival, but the difficulties of stopping the run of a piece so successful as his production of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum Theatre have proved insuperable. He has, however, generously promised to contribute to the memorial the receipts of the performances at the Lyceum on Shakespeare's birthday. Other eminent artists will assist. There will also be a concert of music associated with the works of Shakespeare, similar to the one that was so successful at the Tercentenary Festival.

#### VETERINARIAN.

##### "SCREWS."

LAST week we defined the contradictory term, "sound screw" and informed our readers that it meant a horse *technically* unsound but *practically* sound. We also had occasion to remark the scarcity of technically sound horses, that is, horses without a flaw in wind or limb. These latter are to be found, but not easily, and are for the most part mere infants, so to speak, under four years old. If, then, "screws" are so abundant and sound horses are not, what vast numbers of screws in high places one must see in passing through the West-end of London, during the season for instance. This fact forces us on other considerations; ought we not to try and learn how to select screws? Ought we not to take some interest in pathology and learn to distinguish between the conditions which render a horse of little use and those minor conditions for which he will never be a pin the worse? If we believe—and no man with experience in horse-flesh ever doubts it—that for one perfectly sound horse now in use in England there are a thousand not perfectly sound, then it must follow that we must in buying horses often have to distinguish between minor ailments than between absolute soundness and technical unsoundness. The difficulties of the former task are manifest to all, because any man capable of detecting a form of unsoundness, such, for instance, as a slight spavin or splint, can say for certain, "This horse is unsound," but he will have to think and take several circumstances into consideration if he wishes to purchase after the discovery; he must think, with regard to the spavin, upon its size and situation, with regard to the splint upon the age of the horse and so forth, before he can dismiss the case.

We propose to go over a few minor ailments, and remark upon them for the benefit of those who venture on purchasing "screws."

There are two chief forms of defect in all horses, namely, unsoundness in wind and unsoundness in limb; the former we will dispose of by saying that no man should purchase a horse he knows to be defective in his wind, because there can be no certainty about the disease getting worse and rendering the horse useless. The means of judging the nature and extent of the ailment are so unreliable. For example, a horse is found to grunt or whistle, or roar. All these are from some affection or other of the voice-box or larynx, and as yet there is no means of examining the larynx in horses, owing to the length of the mouth cavity not admitting the use of the laryngoscope. Not being able to see the exact amount and the nature of the damage to this delicate apparatus, we are unable to say how long things may remain as they are. Then, again, asthma, or "broken wind" as it is commonly termed, may or may not be accompanied by destruction, or thinning of the vesicular lung structure with dilated right heart, conditions easily detected by the rounded, barrel-formed chest and lifting flanks. If uncomplicated by these conditions we still have no means of determining whether they will supervene or not, or in other words, how long the case will remain one of simple uncomplicated asthma. Therefore, with the exception of those very few cases of defect in the wind from *visible* causes, such as a nasal polypus, or a cicatrised, narrowed nostril, our advice is, do not venture on buying a horse claiming to belong to the noble army of screws through defect in his breathing apparatus.

After eliminating this important division we next come to defects in the limbs. These we shall do well to investigate both here and in the act of purchasing, by viewing them under three conditions; blemishes arising from: 1, Conformation; 2, Disease; 3, Continued over-use.

Blemishes arising from conformation are on the whole most easily dealt with, because the faulty conformation giving rise to the blemish stares us in the face. If a horse have too long pasterns, the strain upon the back parts of the leg—especially of the fore leg—will almost invariably call forth an effort on the part of nature to place in the overstrained parts a stay, such as more fibre to the tendon or more cartilage to the surface of the two sesamoids, or both and a thickening or enlargement results at these parts. Then, again, a very bent hind leg necessarily throws more weight on to the back and lower part of the hock, and the parts are either supplied with curbs or are wrenched and sprung, and in repairing there is thickening. We cannot undertake to enumerate the hundredth part of these diseases arising from defective conformations, much less can we determine any case unseen, but it may be broadly stated that if the horse goes sound after a fair trial, and the repairing process is completed and the horse over seven years old, he will generally work on satisfactorily.

Blemishes from disease are less easily judged by those outside the veterinary profession. In affections of the bony skeleton, we should bear in mind that, with the exception of fractures, the bony skeleton is usually attacked by disease—if attacked at all—before the several parts have become amalgamated; or, in other words, before the age of seven years, so that affections of the bones are less likely to give trouble after this age, and more likely, if giving trouble before this age, to disappear or settle down into insignificance. Here it is proper to remark that we should distinguish between uneven gait from pain and uneven gait from mechanical impediment, if both are not present. If the horse works cheerfully and keeps his condition, we may depend upon it he limps from mechanical impediment alone. Condition under ordinary work is the best test for this, for if a horse suffers pain in movement no amount of good food, even if he can take it, will keep his flanks down and his ribs well covered. Then it only remains to add that the purchaser has to judge if the limp or uneven gait is too pronounced for his taste or his requirements. A gentleman can hardly tolerate a limping horse in Hyde Park, but a stiff hock or pastern can be of little moment in many other situations in the country. It may strike those readers not versed in these matters as an absurdity to discuss this matter at all, and with it couple the name of gentlemen; but we beg leave to tell them that we are now discussing shades of uneven gait, the worst forms of which are not even perceived by the unpractised eye.

Our third head—continued over-use—is easily dealt with. Its marks are obvious to all in the shaky forelegs and thickened pasterns, and other unmistakable signs. In purchasing a screw of this description, our main care is the age and the nature of the over-use together with its extent with regard to time. If a horse has been battered and knocked about at a recoverable age before his fifth year, a prolonged rest with simple treatment will restore him, or nearly so, in all but the worst cases; but if he has been overworked from his youth up to eight or nine, then all the rest, blister and firing-iron in the world is thrown away on him: at most he can only be patched up.

In conclusion, we wish to say that it is impossible to do more in these columns than give broad outlines in directions for the selection of "screws"; but we heartily wish horse owners would turn their attention more to the subject, and unite in getting the present law of warranty altered or, what would be better, abolished altogether.

THE University Boat Race will take place on April 5th. THE King of Portugal has finished his version of the *Merchant of Venice*, and his translation of *Othello* is far advanced.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—"WHO COULD HAVE SENT IT?"



SCENE FROM ACT II. OF "RIENZI," AT HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

## REVIEWS.

*Shooting Adventures, Canine Lore, and Sea Fishing Trips.*

By WILDFOWLER. Chapman and Hall.

In two handsomely-bound volumes Wildfowler has got together a very numerous selection of shooting adventures, mostly relating to wildfowl, such as we have rarely if ever seen. Each chapter is complete in itself, and is about the length of an ordinary newspaper column. The matter is very varied; for example, the first chapter of all is on tracking a wild boar with a Lymer in Alsace; chapter two is entitled "A Trap for Pheasant Poachers in Alsace," then much further on there is a chapter on "Jay Catching in Alsace." For the most part, however, the chapters on shooting are piquant little sketches of trips for the day to waters and saltings about the Thames, and in Essex after wildfowl. Each of these is told with freshness and attention to detail, such as the time of the train, the station started from and arrived at, and hotels put up at; that to sportsmen fond of the gun and adventures on the water they cannot fail to be both instructive and useful, more especially to those ardent spirits who reside in London. Indeed, we would say to gunners resident in London, who can only get away for the day, buy Wildfowler. The canine lore is interesting and so are the sea fishing trips, but we are disposed to think Wildfowler should let both these departments alone, for no one can fail to see that he in fishing has an eye in the air and his heart much less with the rod and line than with the gun. One of the most prominent features of the work is the performance of a 20-bore choke made by Reilly, of Oxford-street. The performances of this gun "laid on" by Wildfowler are something marvellous. He describes it as weighing under 6lbs, and carrying  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. shot. If it were only to read of the brilliant performances of this little weapon alone the book would be valuable, for there can be no doubt that Joseph Manton's ideas have come thoroughly into fashion, as we thought they would, so long as twenty years ago; and we have no doubt that small bores will keep their ground against all comers for many years to come.

*Our Schools and Colleges.* By F. S. DE CARTERET-BISSON, M.A. London: Simpkin Marshall and Co.—This bulky little volume contains a mass of useful information for all interested in the cause of education, carefully compiled and systematically arranged. The volume gives a faithful record of requirements necessary to candidates for the competitive or qualifying examinations in the universities, the great public schools, the army and navy, Home and Indian Civil Services, the Colonial Service, in the royal military schools, the theological colleges, training colleges, Royal College of Surgeons and schools of medicine, Inns of Court and the Incorporated Law Society, the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, and our banks.

*The Country Pocket Book and Diary for 1879.* London: The Country Office.—This little pocket book, strongly bound in leather, is a novelty which will be heartily welcomed by sportsmen of all kinds. We can conceive nothing much more complete or useful. Bicyclists, cricketers, anglers, hunters, and men on the Turf, with all who practice out-door games, will find it a complete volume of reference for the entire year which can be readily carried in the pocket. To enumerate its varied contents would demand more space than we can spare.

## MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

## [FIRST NOTICE.]

*Scribner's Monthly.*—The varied qualities which render this American monthly more constantly attractive than most of its British contemporaries are strongly to the fore in the present month's issue. For accurate drawing, high finish, force, and delicacy of effect, its crowd of delightfully varied engravings are imitable; and the careful artistic printing they get is at once such as they merit, and such as they would have little chance of receiving at the hands of the best of English cut-printers, whose slavish adherence to the clumsy soft-blanket system makes engravers and artists hold their hands when they would excel themselves, and regard these exquisite specimens of their art with sheer envy and despair. It says much for John Bull's appreciation of such high artistic qualities, when we find a magazine devoted all but exclusively to the current topics of American society, and subjects of special interest in America only, having a circulation in this country which is probably much in excess of that enjoyed by the larger number of English magazines of a kindred description. The adventures of that sprightly little community of talented artists, "The Tile Club" on a pleasure trip, profusely illustrated with a selection of landscapes and figures, picturesque bits, and romantic effects, with other gems of drawing, curious, humorous, and interesting, make a most pleasantly readable paper. "The Homes and Haunts of Emerson," with a lifelike portrait as a frontispiece, is another of its charmingly illustrated and very enjoyable papers. "Haworth's," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's serial story—less cleverly illustrated—is continued, and "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of C. C." gives us a glimpse of America's warlike doings which the artist's admirable drawings render wonderfully real, and the author's varied anecdotes extremely readable. A paper on John Leech is illustrated by what we may regard rather as translations than copies of many of his best drawings, a strange character of delicacy and minute finish being given, we presume, by a process of reduction or reproduction of originals—from numerous sources—which were characterised by quite different qualities. A paper (illustrated) on aerial navigation blends information on a curious subject with much that is amusing, and the rest of the contents must be briefly dismissed as good and well-written. In the *Bric-a-Brac* we find it noted that in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Albemarle County, Virginia, was recently found, where it had been hidden and forgotten since 1819, the last will and testament of Kosciusko, the Polish patriot, who offered his services to Washington in the cause of America. *Scribner* says, "In order that he might battle for freedom in America with a clearer conscience, one of his earliest acts had been to liberate the serfs upon his ancestral estates." This sounds oddly when we remember that slavery was an established institution of the country he offered to fight for. Nor does it appear less odd when we add that General Kosciusko's will directed his property to be applied in the purchase of negroes who were in his name to be made free and educated to earn their own living.

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*—Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's "Under which Lord," although but an old story retold, is told with remarkable power and effect. The crafty Jesuitical new vicar and his sister Agnes, working upon the amiable natures and weak romantic minds of a mother and daughter, have already sown the seeds of estrangement between husband and wife, father and child, friends and neighbours, and the reader is sure to feel a degree of anxiety as to what will be the nature of the forthcoming fruit. The contrast between the extremes represented by such characters as Richard Fullerton and the Rev. Mr. Lascelles is so far decidedly in favour of the amiable matter-of-fact man who has "a healthy horror of priestly domination," and pins his faith to the evidence of his senses and reason, as strongly as if they were infallible guides; for if the latter is, in his quiet way, as dogmatic and prejudiced as the other, he is perfectly honest, open, and fair in asserting his opinions, and stoops to no crafty subtleties in undermining other people's opinions or convictions. A paper on "The Revival of Falconry" is good and interesting. The author

says: "The history of the sport, as far as this country is concerned, begins, where most of our pedigrees are supposed to begin, with the Conqueror. But falconry had been the sport of Saxon and Dane long before the Norman with his forest laws trampled both under his feet and reserved all the rights of sport for the men of his own race. Alfred is said to have been one of the greatest falconers of his time; and, independently of the fact that many of the terms of falconry are of Saxon origin, there is abundant proof that the Saxons knew how to fly their hawks as well as the Normans; for an Archbishop of Mons, in the middle of the eighth century, presented Ethelbert, king of Kent, with a hawk and two falcons, and Kenulph, king of the Mercians, in granting an estate to the Abbey of Abingdon, prohibits all persons from trespassing upon the lands of the monks with their hawks. That in itself is a sufficient proof that falconry was at that time a popular pastime. . . . The Conqueror made it an offence punishable with fine and imprisonment to rob a falcon's nest, and it was felony to steal a hawk. None but the king, the royal princes, or men of the highest rank, were allowed to fly the hawks of Norway and Iceland. The knight's hawk was a saker. The squire's was a lanner. A sparrow hawk was assigned to a priest. A holy-water clerk had to put up with a musket. The gos-hawk was a yeoman's. The tercel was a poor man's. An earl was allowed to fly the peregrine, and a baron the bastard. The falcon of the rock was a duke's hawk; the falcon gentle the prince's. The gyrfalcon was reserved for the king, and the eagle for an emperor. The hawk thus marked the man; and it was not till the time of King John that the barons secured the right by one of the clauses of the charter for every freeman to have eyries of hawks." "English or British" hints at a revolution in historical opinion which sooner or later must be accomplished. Ancient British history has yet to be fairly dealt with, and due justice done to the race of warriors and poets who drove back the all-conquering Roman invaders, and when at last overpowered, for nearly four hundred and sixty years made their powerful foreign rulers regard the island they had won as something very like a hornet's nest. The Saxon conquest of Britain, according to most historians, is a story of barbarous and stupidly brutal wholesale slaying and destroying, of which—if it be true—their descendants have little reason to be proud, but probabilities argue strongly against its truth. It seems utterly impossible that the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, and Devon could still have been held by the "Wealas," or foreigners, as the Saxons impudently and comically called the native inhabitants, in the days of King Alfred the Great, five hundred years after the conquest of Hengist, if the Britons had all been either slain or driven into Wales and Cornwall by the Saxons. Ouida devotes a couple of pages to a graceful "In Memoriam" on the late Whyte-Melville, in which she gives us a brief glimpse of his amiable private character and complains that the press notices which followed his death were so comparatively few and brief. It was not long before his death, by-the-bye, that Whyte-Melville, quoting what he called "the gallant, soul-stirring lines of Mr. Bromley Davenport," wrote:—

What is time? The effusion of life zoophytic,  
In dreary pursuit of position or gain.  
What is life? The absorption of vapours mephitic,  
The bursting of sunlight on senses and brain.  
Such a life has been mine, tho' so speedily over,  
Condensing the joys of a century's course,  
From the find, till they ate him near Woodwell-Head covert  
In thirty bright minutes from Banksborough Gorse!"

Mr. Richard A. Proctor's useful article on the gambler's chances, and the methods of estimating their value, shows him to be a clear-headed, shrewd calculator. Mr. Dutton Cook has what is for him a very commonplace paper on the late Charles Mathews, in which he is inclined to laud the son at the father's expense with, we think, some degree of undue prejudice against the elder actor. Mr. Cook, who never saw Charles Mathews, senior, dissents from the opinions of those who saw both father and son on the stage, and proffers a doubt as to whether the former could have played the chief parts in which the son excelled. We fancy he has confined his investigations or recollections a little too exclusively to the memoirs of the elder Mathews, by his widow, and that a wider extension of view would have considerably modified his conclusions.

*The Cornhill Magazine.*—Within the "Precincts" grows somewhat wearisome, but otherwise this month's number is a good one. A clever, practical paper on "Electric Lighting" is extremely readable and interesting. "Miss Morier's Visions" is a capital story well told, and the rest of the varied papers are all of an attractive character, while the second serial story, "Mademoiselle de Mersac," deals with its characters and incidents with a care for minute touches and finished details, in which its writer has the rare art of indulging without touching the confines of dulness and prosiness.

*The Atlantic Monthly* covers its wide field with fairly representative subjects, all soundly dealt with in carefully-written papers. "The Career of a Capitalist" is a brief picture from American life of a keenly observant man, who wins capital and makes capital in a series of judiciously-chosen speculations, energetically pursued, and carried out with unwavering industry. It is a plea for the cause of the capitalist, and is excellently well put. A cleverly-treated, smartly-written essay on "Musicians and Music Lovers" gives us much that everybody will realize as true. The picture of a cultivated musician, who is always critical and never sympathetic when speaking of his art, who casts the wet blanket of his superiority over all your inclinations to gush, and resents with a stare "which says as plainly as may be, 'And pray what do you know about it?'" any musical comment you may venture to make, is familiar to most of us. He is the terror of those musical enthusiasts who imagine they are talking about music, when in point of fact they are only talking about how music makes them feel, which is quite another thing. If people really talked about music as musicians sometimes—not often—talk, how dull and uninteresting their conversation would be! A musician after listening to an impassioned performance of Schumann's overture to *Manfred*, although he felt it deeply, merely remarked, "How much more effect Schumann has drawn from his horns here by using the open notes than he often does by writing chromatic passages for them." A music-lover of the accepted type would have found no door for his gush of eloquence in such a morsel of technical appreciation. "The ordinary music-lover," says the author, Mr. W. F. Athorp, "in speaking of music is eager to fix his impressions by the aid of metaphors and similes taken from other arts, or from every day life. The musician speaks of the entrances of themes, modulations, trombone passages, and the like." He looks upon music simply in a technical light, and "does not admire a phrase because it cunningly imitates the babbling of a brook, but because it is beautiful music." In this way—if Mr. Athorp's definition be accepted—the musician differs from other artists whose work is less coldly unsympathetic, who acknowledge inspirations of nature in her thousands of sights and sounds, and takes technical delight in preserving and extending the range of their influences. We should have a poor opinion of our great painters, for instance, if nothing could move them to utterance but the composition of pigments and the relative effects of scumbling and glazing, &c. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's elaborate threadbare satire on female fashions in dress is a poor, weak paper.

## WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

W. CZERNY, 349, Oxford-street, W.—"Who'll buy sweet violets?" price 3s.; words by E. Legge, music by A. J. Caldicott. The words and music of this song are simple but pleasing, and it lies within the compass of ordinary voices.—"Je vous adore," price 4s.; words by Guy Roslyn, music by A. J. Caldicott. This is a polyglot song, containing some indifferent lines—the amatory utterances of a lover, who resorts to the French language, and says, "Je vous adore, mon amie chérie," instead of expressing this sentiment in plain English. Affectation of this kind merits condemnation. The line "Je vous adore" rhymes with no other line in the song, and the sentence, "The chime of curfew bells breathed out the rhyme, Je vous adore!" is pure nonsense. The word "chérie" is a dissyllable when used in ordinary speech, but neither the writer nor the composer of the song appears to be aware that "chérie" is a triyllable when used as the concluding word in a poetical sentence. The accent has been erroneously placed on the first instead of the second of the three syllables, and the same error has been made in reference to the word "amie," which is also treated as a dissyllable. In its present shape the song is not likely to be sung by educated singers, and the sooner it is altered the better. It is worth alteration for the sake of the music, which is far above the average.—"The Charm," price 3s.; words by H. Walker, music by A. J. Caldicott. This is a love song, in which the lover says, "Paint me her hair," her mouth, her eyes, &c. The idea is tolerably well developed, but what is meant by the third line in the verse?

Arched like young Cupid's bow,  
Smiles like the sunny South.  
Showing pearls below,  
Paint me her mouth,  
Showing pearls below.

Showing pearls below what? The second line has no grammatical connection with the rest of the verse, and some alteration is evidently required. Mr. Caldicott has chosen to accent the word "me" in the phrases "Paint me her mouth," "Paint me her eyes," &c., and the effect of this accentuation is ludicrous. In other respects his setting of the song is meritorious, and it is evident that he is gifted with originality, and is capable of better things than this specimen of his powers.—"No. 18 of Short Melodies for Voluntaries, arranged for the organ," by W. J. Westbrook, price 4s., is entitled "The Sylphs," and is an arrangement of the "Danse des Sylphes," from *La Damnation de Faust*, by Berlioz. Mr. Westbrook has executed his task with taste and discretion, and has preserved the characteristic features of a remarkable and attractive composition. The stops to be used are carefully indicated, and have been well-chosen. The remarkable fact that of the 126 bars comprised in the work all but the first seven are written on a pedal D, will facilitate the execution of the solo, but it requires skilful manipulation to do justice to its brilliancy.—The "Trillo del Satanasso," price 4s., for violin and piano, is an admirable arrangement by W. Czerny of the famous "Trillo" of Tartini. The accompaniments and harmonies are skilfully written, and greatly aid the effect of the violin solo. Mr. Czerny has also published, price 3s., a clever solo pianoforte transcription of the celebrated Trillo, a work with which every amateur should be familiar. "Felice notte," price 4s., by H. Stiehl, is a graceful serenade for pianoforte solo, with the fingering judiciously marked. The "Scherzino," for pianoforte, price 3s., by the same composer, is a lively bagatelle, with a vigorous theme, and will be useful to teachers. The "Kindergarten Exercise March," for pianoforte, with drum and triangle *ad lib.*, price 3s., is sprightly in melody, and so simple as to be within the grasp of juvenile students. It is also arranged as a pianoforte duet, price 4s.

RANSFORD & SON, 2, Princes-street, W.—"To find my love a posy," price 4s., pastoral song, written by "Rea," composed by Elena Corri. This is a simple and pretty song; the words are poetical, and the melody is bright and vocal. Miss Corri gives good promise. She should, however, be careful to avoid the use of consecutive fifths and octaves. "The Knight and the Fair Lady," price 3s., is a setting by the same composer of a ballad originally published in *The Quiver*. Possibly the readers of that publication may be content with poems in which the laws of grammar are defied, but Miss Corri should seek for better verses than those before us. She has fitted the legend of Hubert and his bride with a characteristic melody worthy of better words.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—"The Fairy Queen Quadrille," price 4s., composed by Stephen Glover, is correctly described as "A Musical Recreation for the Drawing-room." The form of a quadrille has been adopted, and the music is excellently adapted to dancing purposes, but, consisting as it does of two songs, a duet, and two choruses, it is available for vocal recreation apart from dancing. No. 1 is a "Chorus of Fairies," No. 2 "The Song of the Fairy," No. 3 a duet between "The Fairy and the Stranger," No. 4 "The Song of the Stranger," who has, of course, been captivated by the Fairy Queen, and No. 5 is a final "Chorus of Fairies." The idea has been capitalised out. The verses are well written, the melodies sparkling and effective, and "The Fairy Queen Quadrille" deserves universal popularity.

BOOSEY & CO., 295, Regent-street, W.—"Palomita" (the Little Dove), price 2s., is No. 1 of "Creole Valses," by Boris Mercier, who may be congratulated on having produced a really original and melodious set of waltzes—characteristic and effective.—The "Fusilier March," price 2s., by the same composer, is tuneful and spirited, and his "Cabal March," price 2s., although not distinguished by originality, is effective.

METZLER & CO., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"Egeria," price 4s., is a setting, by W. F. Hayes, of some poetical lines by J. R. Rodd, who is much to be pitied. His verses have been set to music in which the rhythm of the poetry is continually disregarded, and they are made ludicrous by erroneous accentuation. Thus, the line—

In the shrine of some stream-god's daughter,  
is accentuated by the composer as follows:—

*In the shrine of some stream-god's daughter.*

The line—

You have roses now in your breast to wear

is accentuated thus:

You have roses, &c.,

and subsequently,

You have roses, &c.,

and in each instance the word "roses" is treated as a monosyllable! The composer has failed to profit by a golden opportunity, and it again favoured with verses from the graceful pen of Mr. Rodd he should request his co-labourer to underline the syllables which require musical accentuation. The music is not without merit, so far as melody is concerned, and Mr. Hayes will probably succeed better if he will "try again."

IN a funny letter to the daily papers Mr. Samuel Fry says, "This Christmas one illustrated paper published as a coloured presentation picture a photograph of mine without acknowledgment." We wonder which it could be. We know in three cases the actual paintings reproduced were purchased for the purpose.

TABLE D'HOTE (for Ladies and Gentlemen) from 5.30 till 8 o'clock, 3s. 6d.  
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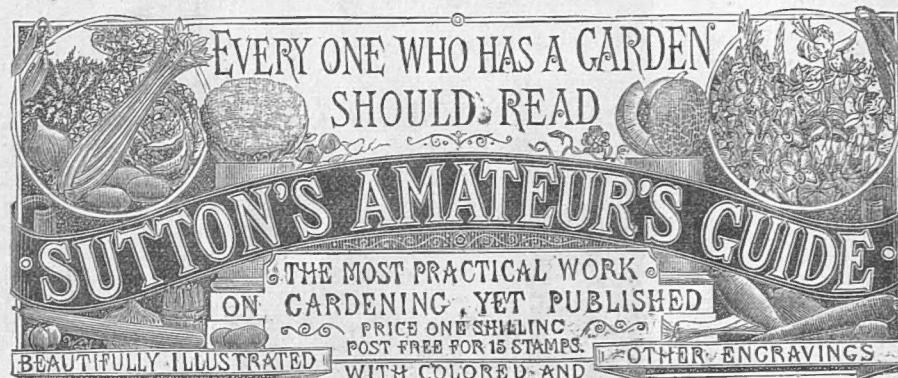
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BILE and INDIGESTION, Wind, Headache, Sickness, Loss of Appetite, Torpid Liver, Costiveness, and Debility, entirely CURED without mercury, by DR. KING'S DANDELION and QUININE PILLS. Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Box.

## ITEMS.

ON Tuesday, the 4th instant, Mr. W. E. Church gave his lecture on "Punch," at West Dulwich, to a numerous audience, who loudly applauded the many telling anecdotes and personal reminiscences contained therein. It is hardly possible to do justice to a subject so rich in material in the short space of an hour and a half, and Mr. Church deserves a high compliment for the thoroughly artistic treatment it received at his hands. Pos-

sessed of remarkable fluency and a quietly impressive style, he is entitled to a foremost place in the ranks of English lecturers.

WE have received from Messrs. Alder and Clarke some remarkable specimens of photographic portraiture taken by artificial light with the aid of what they term "Luxograph" apparatus. For delicacy and refinement of tone, perfection of modelling, tender touches of high lights and full, rich, transparent shadows, they are far in advance of the general run of portraits taken with the aid of ordinary daylight, the condition and quality of which is

of course continually changing, and quite beyond the command or control of the operator.

THE Bouffes Parisiens have revived with much success the charming operetta *Babiole*, by M. Laurent de Rille.

RACINE'S *Mithridate* is to be revived at the Théâtre Français, with Mdlle. Bernhardt as Monime.

THE Grand National Hunt Committee have decided that, in consequence of the continued frost, hunting certificates lodged in 1878 shall qualify horses until the end of February, 1879.



THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.

THE Prince of Wales's Yacht Club, after many ineffectual struggles to retain its vitality, is at length at an end, and its accounts are wound up. It was established in 1851, at a time when there were scarcely half-a-dozen yacht races in the Thames during the season. Its object was to encourage emulation amongst small craft. It was then a desideratum, and for a long series of years it produced some highly spirited, stirring, and sporting races. It has, however, gradually declined. Its social gatherings both ashore and afloat will long be remembered with gratification by those who participated in them.

I FANCIED, says a correspondent, that I knew something about a horse and the movements that that noble animal was capable of, but when I read in *The Daily Chronicle* this morning how "a most accomplished equestrienne," in a display of the "haut école," made her horse *rear* alternately with his *hind* and *fore* legs (the italics are mine), I thought, "Here is something altogether new, and I must take an opportunity of going to see it." That the performer is very skilful is shown by the remark that the movements of the horse appeared to be directed by "a mere tap of the whip and a caressing word," and that the use of

the sharp bit was not noticed, or the assistance, secretly devised, from a severe spur suspected.

MR. ROBERT JEWITT, of Dunston, has now almost completed a new skiff for the use of Elliott. She is built on the exact lines of the champion's favourite boat, the Joseph Cowen, M.P., and is composed of the finest well-seasoned Spanish cedar. Her dimensions are: Length, 30ft 6in; breadth amidships, 12in; height amidships, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in; height at stem, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in; height at stern, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. John H. Clasper, of Wandsworth, has also an order for a new boat for the use of the champion.